THE

Original, Nature, and Immortality

OF THE

SOUL.

Y.9.48

THE

Original, Nature, and Immortality

OF THE

SOUL.

A

POEM.

With an Introduction concerning

Humane Knowledge.

Written by Sir *JOHN DAVIES*,
Attorney-General to Q. *Elizabeth*.

With a Prefatory Account concerning the Author *and* Poem.

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To His EXCELLENCY

The Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, One of the Lords Juſtices of *England*, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

MY LORD,

I Was oblig'd to Your Lordſhip for the firſt ſight I had of this Poem; Your Lordſhip was then pleas'd to expreſs ſome

Commendation of it. Since that time I have waited an Opportunity of getting it Publiſh'd in a more convenient and portable Volume; the Subject-matter being of that Importance to every Perſon, as requir'd its being made a Manual for People to carry about them. Nor can my Pains and Care herein be unacceptable to Your Lordſhip, who are not only the Patron of the Muſes, but of Publick Good in all kinds.

The Book has a juſt Claim to Your Lordſhip's Protection, both for the Solidity of Judgment, and extraordinary Genius that appear in it. 'Tis the Portraicture of a *Humane*

mane Soul in the Perfection of its Faculties and Operations (ſo far as its preſent State is capable of,) which naturally directed me where I ought to preſent it.

But as Juſtice engag'd me in this Addreſs, I muſt upon all Occaſions confeſs my Obligations to Your Lordſhip, and particularly for placing me in His Majeſty's Service; a Favour which I had not the Preſumption to ſeek. I was conſcious how ſhort I came of my Predeceſſors in Performances of Wit and Diverſion; and therefore, as the beſt means I had of juſtifying Your Lordſhip's Kindneſs, employ'd my Self in publiſh-

ing ſuch Poems as might be uſeful in promoting Religion and Morality. But how little I have conſulted my immediate Intereſt in ſo doing, I am ſeverely ſenſible. I engaged in the Service of the Temple at my own Expence, while Others made their profitable Markets on the Stage.

This, I confeſs, may ſeem improper in a Dedication, eſpecially where I have ſo large a Field of Panegyrick before me. But Your Lordſhip's Character, by Conſent of Mankind, is above all our Encomiums; and Perſons of greateſt Worth and Accompliſhments are always leaſt fond of their own Praiſes.

I ſhall

I ſhall therefore only mention the buſineſs of my preſent Waiting on Your Lordſhip. I have here got a uſeful Poem Reprinted, and beg to have it Recommended to every Body's peruſal by Your Lordſhip's Acceptance of it; deſiring only from its Readers the ſame Candour Your Lordſhip has been pleas'd to uſe, in making ſome Allowances for the time in which it was written. Nor will the Author often have Occaſion for Favour; in the main he will need only to have Juſtice done him.

But I will not foreſtal the buſineſs of the enſuing Preface, written by an Ingenious and Learned Divine; who

has

has both done Right to the great *Manes* of the Author, and made ſome Amends for this Unpoliſh'd Addreſs from me, who am only Ambitious of profeſſing my ſelf with utmoſt Zeal and Gratitude,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Moſt Humble, moſt Oblig'd

and Devoted Servant,

N. Tate.

PREFACE

TO

Sir *John Davies*'s Poem.

THERE *is a natural Love and Fondneſs in* Engliſh-*men for whatever was done in the Reign of Q.* Elizabeth; *we look upon her Time as our Golden Age; and the Great Men who lived in it, as our chiefeſt Hero's of Virtue, and greateſt Examples of Wiſdom, Courage, Integrity and Learning.*

Among many others, the Author of this Poem merits a laſting Honour; for, as he was a moſt Eloquent Lawyer, ſo, in the Compoſition of this Piece, we admire him for a good Poet, and exact

act Philoſopher. 'Tis not Rhyming that makes a Poet, but the true and impartial repreſenting of Virtue and Vice, ſo as to inſtruct Mankind in Matters of greateſt Importance. And this Obſervation has been made of our Countrymen, That Sir John Suckling wrote in the moſt Courtly and Gentleman-like Style; Waller in the moſt ſweet and flowing Numbers; Denham with the moſt Accurate Judgment and Correctneſs; Cowley with Pleaſing Softneſs, and Plenty of Imagination: None ever utter'd more Divine Thoughts than Mr. Herbert; none more Philoſophical than Sir John Davies. His Thoughts are moulded into eaſie and ſignificant Words; his Rhymes never miſlead the Senſe, but are led and govern'd by it: So that in reading ſuch Uſeful Performances, the Wit of Mankind may be refin'd from its Droſs, their Memories furniſh'd with the beſt Notions, their Judgments ſtrengthen'd, and their Conceptions enlarg'd, by which means their Mind will be rais'd to the moſt perfect Ideas it is capable of in this Degenerate State.

But

But as others have labour'd to carry out our Thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of Delights Abroad; 'Tis the peculiar Character of this Author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) *to meditate upon our selves; that he has disclos'd to us greater Secrets at Home; Self-Reflection being the only Way to Valuable and True Knowledge, which consists in that rare Science of a Man's Self, which the Moral Philosopher loses in a Crowd of Definitions, Divisions and Distinctions: The Historian cannot find it amongst all his Musty Records, being far better acquainted with the Transactions of a* 1000 *years past, than with the present Age, or with Himself: The Writer of Fables and Romances wanders from it, in following the Delusions of a Wild Fancy, Chimera's and Fictions that do not only exceed the Works, but also the Possibility of Nature. Whereas the Resemblance of Truth is the utmost Limit of Poetical Liberty, which our Author has very religiously observ'd; for he has not only placed and connected together the most Amiable Images of all those Powers that are in our Souls, but he has furnish'd and squar'd his Matter*

Matter like a True Philoſopher; that is, he has made both Body and Soul, Colour and Shadow of his Poem out of the Store-houſe of his own Mind, which gives the whole Work a Real and Natural Beauty; when that which is borrow'd out of Books (the Boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) ſhews Well or Ill as it has more or leſs Likeneſs to the Natural. But our Author is beholding to none but Himſelf; and by knowing himſelf thoroughly, he has arriv'd to know much; which appears in his admirable Variety of well-choſen Metaphors and Similitudes that cannot be found within the compaſs of a narrow Knowledge. For this reaſon the Poem, on account of its intrinſick Worth, would be as laſting as the Iliad, *or the* Æneid, *if the Language 'tis wrote in were as Immutable as that of the* Greeks *and* Romans.

Now it wou'd be of great benefit to the Beau's *of our Age to carry this Glaſs in their Pocket, whereby they might learn to Think, rather than Dreſs well: It would be of uſe alſo to the* Wits *and* Virtuoſo's *to carry this Antidote about them againſt the Poyſon they have ſuck'd in from*

Lucretius

Lucretius or Hobbs. *This would acquaint them with ſome Principles of Religion; for in Old Times the Poets were their Divines, and exerciſed a kind of Spiritual Authority amongſt the People. Verſe in thoſe Days was the Sacred Stile, the Stile of Oracles and Laws. The Vows and Thanks of the People were recommended to their Gods in Songs and Hymns. Why may they not retain this Privilege? for if Proſe ſhould contend with Verſe, 'twould be upon unequal Terms, and (as it were) on Foot againſt the Wings of* Pegaſus. *With what Delight are we touch'd in hearing the Stories of* Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, *and* Æneas? *Becauſe in their Characters we have Wiſdom, Honour, Fortitude, and Juſtice, ſet before our Eyes. 'Twas* Plato's *Opinion, That if a Man cou'd ſee Virtue, he wou'd be ſtrangely enamour'd on her Perſon. Which is the Reaſon why* Horace *and* Virgil *have continued ſo long in Reputation, becauſe they have Drawn her in all the Charms of Poetry. No Man is ſo ſenſeleſs of Rational Impreſſions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the Paſtorals of the Ancients, when under the Stories of Wolves and Sheep, they deſcribe the*

the Misery of People under Hard Masters, and their Happiness under Good. So the bitter but wholsome Iambick *was wont to make Villany blush; the* Satyr *incited Men to laugh at Folly; the* Comedian *chastised the Common Errors of Life; and the* Tragedian *made Kings afraid to be Tyrants, and Tyrants to be their own Tormentors.*

Wherefore, as Sir Philip Sidney *said of* Chaucer, *That he knew not which he should most wonder at, either that He in his dark Time should see so distinctly, or that We in this clear Age should go so stumblingly after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low Condition of Poetry now, when in our Plays scarce any one Rule of Decorum is observed, but in the space of two Hours and an half we pass through all the Fits of* Bethlem; *in one Scene we are all in Mirth, in the next we are sunk into Sadness; whilst even the most labour'd Parts are commonly starv'd for want of Thought, a confused heap of Words, and empty Sound of Rhyme.*

This very Conſideration ſhould advance the Eſteem of the following Poem, wherein are repreſented the various Movements of the Mind; at which we are as much tranſported as with the moſt excellent Scenes of Paſſion in Shakeſpear, *or* Fletcher: *For in this, as in a Mirrour (that will not Flatter) we ſee how the Soul Arbitrates in the Underſtanding upon the various Reports of* Senſe, *and all the Changes of Imagination: How compliant the Will is to her Dictates, and obeys her as a Queen does her King. At the ſame time acknowledging a Subjection, and yet retaining a Majeſty. How the Paſſions move at her Command, like a well-diſciplined Army; from which regular Compoſure of the Faculties, all operating in their proper Time and Place, there ariſes a Complacency upon the whole Soul, that infinitely tranſcends all other Pleaſures.*

What deep Philoſophy is this! to diſcover the Proceſs of God's Art in faſhioning the Soul of Man after his own Image; by

remarking how one part moves another, and how those Motions are vary'd by several positions of each Part, from the first Springs and Plummets, to the very Hand that points out the visible and last Effects. What Eloquence and Force of Wit to convey these profound Speculations in the easiest Language, expressed in Words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest Capacities.

For the Poet takes care in every Line to satisfy the Understandings of Mankind: He follows Step by Step the workings of the Mind from the first Strokes of Sense, *then of Fancy, afterwards of Judgment, into the Principles both of Natural and Supernatural Motives: Hereby the Soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides; the boundless Tracks of Sea and Land, and the vaster Spaces of Heaven; that Vital Principle of Action, which has always been busied in Enquiries abroad, is now made known to its self; insomuch that we may find out what we our selves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go; we may perceive what noble Guests those are, which we lodge in our Bo-*

soms,

ſoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our Acquaintance.

But here all the Labyrinths and Windings of the Humane Frame are laid open: 'Tis ſeen by what Pullies and Wheels the Work is carry'd on, as plainly as if a Window were opened into our Breaſt: For it is the Work of God alone to create a Mind.------ The next to this is to ſhew how its Operations are perform'd.

UPON THE

Preſent Corrupted State

OF

POETRY.

IN happy Ages paſt, when Juſtice reign'd,
The Muſes too their Dignity maintain'd;
Were only then in Shrines and Temples found,
With Innocence inſtead of Lawrel crown'd;
Anthems and Hallelujahs did reſound.
In theſe Seraphick Tasks their hours they paſs'd,
Pious as *Sybil's*, and as *Veſtals*, chaſt
They juſtly then were ſtil'd the *Sacred* Nine,
Nor were the Heav'n-born Graces more Divine.
Like them with Heav'n they did Alliance claim,
And wiſeſt Kings their Votaries became;

Who, though by Art and Nature form'd to Reign,
Their Homage paid amongst the Muses Train:
They thought Extent of Empire less Renown,
And priz'd their Poet's Wreath above their Prince's Crown.

Heav'ns Praise was then the only Theme of Verse,
Which Kings of Earth were honour'd to rehearse.
Their Songs did then fair *Salem*'s Temple fill,
And *Sion* was the Muses Sacred Hill.

At length, transplanted from the Holy Land,
To *Pagan* Regions pass'd the Sacred Band;
In *Greece* they settled, but with lessen'd Grace,
And chang'd their Manners as they chang'd their Place.

Here Poetry, beginning to decline,
First mingled Humane Praises with Divine.
Yet still they sung alone some Worthy's Name,
And only gave restoring Hero's Fame.
But grew at last a mercenary Trade,
The gift of Heav'n the price of Gold was made.
Brib'd Poets with Encomiums did pursue
The worst of Men, and prais'd their Vices too.

They

They gave deſtroying Tyrants moſt Applauſe,
Who ſhed moſt Blood, regardleſs of their Cauſe.
If meerly to Deſtroy can merit Fame;
Famines and Plauges the larger Trophies claim.
But this and worſe, with our licentious Times
Compar'd, in Poets were but Venial Crimes.
That Poetry which did at firſt inſpire
Cœleſtial Rapture, and Seraphick Fire,
Her Talent in Hell's Service now employs,
The Proſtitute and Bawd of Senſual Joys.
On Miſchief's ſide engages all her Charms,
Againſt Religion her Offenſive Arms:
Whilſt Luſt, Extortion, Sacrilege paſs free,
She points her Satyr, Virtue, againſt Thee,
And turns on Heav'n its own Artillery.
But Wit's fair Stream when from its genuine Courſe
Conſtrain'd, runs muddy and with leſſen'd Force.
Our Poets, when Deſerters they became
To Virtue's Cauſe, declin'd as much in Fame.
That Curſe was on the lewd Apoſtates ſent,
Who, as they grew Debauch'd, grew Impotent.

Wit's ſhort-liv'd Off-ſprings in our later Times
Confeſs too plain their vicious Parents Crimes.
No *Spencer*'s Strength, or *Davies*, who ſuſtain'd
Wit's Empire when Divine *Eliza* reign'd.
But ſure, when Foreign Toils will time allow
Our Age's *Hydra*-Vices to ſubdue,
Victorious *William*'s Piety will chaſe
From theſe infeſted Realms th' Infernal Race;
And, when Alarms of War are heard no more,
With *Europe*'s Peace the Muſe's State reſtore.

THE

THE

Author's Dedication

TO

Q. *ELIZABETH.*

TO that clear Majeſty, which in the *North*,
Doth, like another Sun, in Glory riſe,
Which ſtandeth fix'd, yet ſpreads her Heavenly Worth;
Load-ſtone to Hearts, and Load-ſtar to all Eyes.

Like Heaven in All, like Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her ſupport do ſtand;
Yet ſhe her ſelf ſupported is of none,
But by the Finger of the Almighty's Hand.

To

To the divineſt and the richeſt Mind,
Both by Art's Purchaſe, and by Nature's Dower,
That ever was from Heaven to Earth confin'd,
To ſhew the utmoſt of a Creature's Power:
To that great Spring, which doth great Kingdom's move;
The ſacred Spring', whence *Right* and *Honour*
Diſtilling *Virtue*, ſhedding *Peace* and *Love*, ſtreams,
In every Place, as *Cynthia* ſheds her Beams:

I offer up ſome Sparkles of that Fire,
Whereby we *reaſon*, *live*, *and move*, *and be*,
Theſe Sparks by Nature evermore aſpire,
Which makes them now to ſuch a *Highneſs* flee.

Fair *Soul*, ſince to the faireſt Body joyn'd,
You give ſuch lively Life, ſuch quickning Power,
And Influence of ſuch Celeſtial Kind,
As keeps it ſtill in Youth's immortal Flower:

As where the Sun is preſent all the Year,
And never doth retire his golden Ray,
Needs muſt the Spring be everlaſting there,
And every Seaſon like the Month of *May*.

O many,

to Q. ELIZABETH.

O many, many Years may you remain
A happy Angel to this happy Land:
Long, long may you on Earth our Empreſs reign,
E're you in Heaven a glorious Angel ſtand.

Stay long (ſweet Spirit) e're thou to Heaven depart,
Who mak'ſt each Place a Heaven wherein thou art.

Her MAJESTY's

Devoted Subject

July 11.
1592.

and Servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

THE

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THE

THE Introduction.

WHY did my Parents ſend me to the Schools,
That I with *Knowledge* might enrich my Mind?
Since the *Deſire to know* firſt made Men Fools,
And did corrupt the *Root* of all Mankind:

For when God's Hand had written in the Hearts
Of Our firſt Parents all the Rules of Good;
So that their Skill infus'd ſurpaſs'd all Arts
That ever were before, or ſince the Flood.

And when their Reaſon's Eye was ſharp and clear,
And (as an Eagle, can behold the Sun)
Could have approach'd th' Eternal Light as near
As th' intellectual Angels could have done;

Ev'n then to them the *Spirit of Lyes* ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not *Ill*;
And breath'd into their incorrupted Breaſts
A curious *Wiſh*, which did corrupt their *Will.*

From that ſame Ill they ſtreight deſir'd to know;
Which Ill, being nought but a Defect of Good,
In all God's Works the Devil could not ſhow,
While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection ſtood.

So that themſelves were firſt to *do* the Ill,
E'er they thereof the Knowledge could attain;
Like him that knew not Poiſon's power to kill,
Until (by taſting it) himſelf was ſlain.

Ev'n ſo, by taſting of that Fruit forbid,
Where they ſought *Knowledge*, they did *Error* find:
Ill they deſir'd to know, and Ill they did;
And to give *Paſſion* Eyes, made *Reaſon* blind.

For then their Minds did firſt in *Paſſion* ſee
Thoſe wretched Shapes of *Miſery* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakedneſs*, of *Shame*, of *Poverty*, (know.
Which then their own *Experience* made them

But

But then grew *Reason* dark, that *she* no more
Could the fair Forms of *Good* and *Truth* discern:
Batts they became, who *Eagles* were before;
And this they got by their *Desire to learn.*

But we, their wretched *Off-spring!* What do we?
Do not we still taste of the Fruit forbid,
While with fond fruitless Curiosity,
In Books prophane we seek for Knowledge hid?

What is this *Knowledge*, but the Sky-stoll'n Fire,
For which the *Thief* still chain'd in Ice doth sit;
And which the poor rude *Satyr* did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his Lips with it?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain, (got?
Which, when *Jove*'s *Guest* embrac'd, he Monsters
Or the false *Pails*, which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not?

In fine; What is it, but the fiery Coach (withal?
Which the *Youth* sought, and sought his Death
Or the *Boy*'s Wings, which, when he did approach
The *Sun*'s hot Beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our Lamps are burn'd,
Our Bodies waſted, and our Spirits ſpent;
When we have all the learned *Volumes* turn'd,
Which yield Mens Wits both Help and Ornament;

What can we know, or what can we diſcern,
When *Error* clouds the Windows of the Mind?
The divers Forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our Birth-day blind?

When *Reaſon*'s Lamp, which (like the *Sun* in Sky)
Throughout *Man*'s little World her Beams did ſpread,
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
Under the Aſhes, half extinct and dead;

How can we hope that through the Eye and Ear,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect thoſe Beams of Knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the firſt Minds by Grace?

So might the Heir, whoſe Father hath, in Play,
Waſted a thouſand Pounds of ancient Rent,
By painful earning of one Groat a Day,
Hope to reſtore the Patrimony ſpent.

The

The Wits that div'd moſt deep, and ſoar'd moſt high,
Seeking Man's Powers, have found his Weakneſs ſuch:
" Skill comes ſo ſlow, and Life ſo faſt doth fly;
" We learn ſo little, and forget ſo much.

For this the wiſeſt of all Moral Men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know.*
And the great mocking Maſter mock'd not then,
When he ſaid, *Truth was buried here below.*

For how may we to Other Things attain,
When none of us his own Soul underſtands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious Brain,
When, *Know thy Self*, his Oracle commands.

For why ſhould we the buſy Soul believe,
When boldly ſhe concludes of that and this;
When of her *ſelf* ſhe can no Judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what ſhe is?

All things without, which round about we ſee,
We ſeek to know, and have therewith to do:
But that whereby we *reaſon, live and be*,
Within our ſelves, we Strangers are thereto.

We ſeek to know the moving of each Sphere, (*Nile*;
And the ſtrange Cauſe o' th' Ebbs and Floods of
But of that *Clock* which in our Breaſts we bear,
The ſubtile Motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint our ſelves with ev'ry *Zone*,
And paſs the *Tropicks*, and behold each *Pole*;
When we come home, are to our *ſelves* unknown,
And unacquainted ſtill with our own Soul.

We ſtudy *Speech*, but others we perſuade;
We *Leech-craft* learn, but others cure with it:
W' interpret *Laws* which other Men have made,
But read not thoſe which in our Hearts are writ.

Is it becauſe the Mind is like the Eye,
Through which it gathers Knowledge by degrees;
Whoſe Rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;
Not ſeeing it ſelf, when other things it ſees?

No, doubtleſs; for the Mind can backward caſt
upon her ſelf, her underſtanding Light;
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defac'd,
As her own *Image* doth her ſelf afright.

As

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her Luſt was turn'd into a Cow;
When thirſty, to a Stream ſhe did repair,
And ſaw her ſelf transform'd ſhe wiſt not how;

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd;
At laſt with Terrour ſhe from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry Glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, although for Thirſt ſhe die.

Ev'n ſo *Man's Soul*, which did God's Image bear;
And was at firſt fair, good, and ſpotleſs pure;
Since with her *Sins*, her Beauties blotted were,
Doth, of all Sights, her own Sight leaſt endure:

For ev'n at firſt Reflection ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *Chimera's*, and ſuch Monſters there;
Such Toys, ſuch *Anticks*, and ſuch Vanities,
As ſhe retires and ſhrinks for Shame and Fear.

And as the Man loves leaſt at *Home* to be,
That hath a ſluttiſh Houſe, haunted with *Sprites*;
So ſhe, impatient her own Faults to ſee,
Turns from her *ſelf*, and in ſtrange things de-lights.

For this, few *know themſelves:* For Merchants broke,
View their Eſtate with Diſcontent and Pain;
And *Seas* as troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing Waves into themſelves again.

And while the Face of outward things we find
Pleaſing and fair, agreeable and ſweet,
Theſe things tranſport, and carry out the Mind,
That with her ſelf, the Mind can never meet.

Yet if *Affliction* once her Wars begin,
And threat the feebler *Senſe* with Sword and Fire,
The *Mind* contracts her ſelf, and ſhrinketh in,
And to her ſelf ſhe gladly doth retire;

As *Spiders* touch'd, ſeek their Web's inmoſt part;
As *Bees* in Storms, back to their Hives return;
As Blood in danger, gathers to the Heart; (burn.
As Men ſeek Towns, when Foes the Country

If ought can teach us ought, *Affliction*'s Looks
(Making us pry into our ſelves ſo near)
Teach us to *know our ſelves*, beyond all *Books*,
Or all the learned *Schools* that ever were.

This

This Miſtreſs lately pluck'd me by the Ear,
And many a Golden Leſſon hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senſes* quick, and *Reaſon* clear;
Reform'd my *Will*, and rectify'd my *Thought*.

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanſe the Air:
So working Seas ſettle and purge the Wine:
So lopp'd and pruned Trees do flouriſh fair:
So doth the Fire the droſſy Gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muſe*,
Nor Rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the Wiſe
Could in my Brain thoſe Beams of Skill infuſe,
As but the glance of this *Dame*'s angry Eyes.

She within *Liſts* my ranging Mind hath brought,
That now beyond my ſelf I will not go;
My ſelf am *Centre* of my circling Thought;
Only *my ſelf* I ſtudy, learn and know.

I know my *Body*'s of ſo frail a kind,
As Force without, Fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly Nature of my *Mind*,
But 'tis corrupted both in *Wit* and *Will*:

I know

I know my *Soul* hath power to know all things,
Yet is ſhe blind and ignorant in All:
I know I'm one of *Nature*'s little Kings;
Yet to the leaſt and vileſt things am thrall:

I know my Life's a *Pain*, and but a *Span*:
I know my *Senſe* is mock'd in ev'ry thing:
And to conclude, I know my ſelf a *Man*;
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* thing.

OF

OF THE

Original, Nature and Immortality

OF THE

SOUL.

THE *Lights of Heav'n* (which are the World's fair Eyes)
Look down into the World, the World to ſee;
And as they turn, or wander in the Skies,
Survey all things that on the Centre be.

And yet the *Lights* which in my *Tower* do ſhine,
Mine *Eyes*, which view all Objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little World of mine,
Nor ſee my Face, wherein they fixed are.

Since

Since *Nature* fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I Means my inward Self to ſee?
Which Sight the Knowledge of my ſelf might bring,
Which to true Wiſdom is the firſt Degree.

That *Pow'r* which gave me Eyes the World to view,
To view my ſelf infus'd an *inward Light*,
Whereby my *Soul*, as by a *Mirror* true,
Of her own *Form* may take a perfect Sight.

But as the ſharpeſt *Eye* diſcerneth nought,
Except the *Sun*-beams in the Air do ſhine;
So the beſt *Soul*, with her reflecting Thought,
Sees not her ſelf, without ſome Light Divine.

O Light, which mak'ſt the Light which makes the (Day!
Which ſett'ſt the Eye without, and Mind within;
Lighten my Spirit with one clear heavenly Ray,
Which now to view it Self doth firſt begin.

For her true Form, how can my Spark diſcern,
Which, dim by *Nature*, *Art* did never clear?
When the great Wits, from whom all Skill we learn,
Are ignorant both *what* ſhe is, and where.

One thinks the *Soul* is *Air*; another, *Fire*;
Another, *Blood* diffus'd about the Heart;
Another ſaith, the *Elements* conſpire,
And to her *Eſſence* Each doth give a part.

Muſicians think our *Souls* are *Harmonies*;
Phyſicians hold, that they *Complexion*'s be;
Epicures make them Swarms of *Atomies*,
Which do by chance into our Bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral *Soul* fill's ev'ry Brain,
As the bright *Sun* ſheds Light in ev'ry Star;
And others think the Name of *Soul* is vain,
And that we only *well mix*'d Bodies are.

In Judgment of her *Subſtance* thus they vary,
And vary thus in Judgment of her *Seat*;
For ſome her Chair up to the Brain do carry,
Some ſink it down into the *Stomach*'s Heat.

Some place it in the Root of Life, the *Heart*;
Some in the *Liver*, Fountain of the Veins:
Some ſay, *She's all in all, and all in ev'ry part:*
Some ſay, ſhe's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus

Thus theſe great Clerks their little Wiſdom ſhow,
While with their Doctrines they at *Hazard* play;
Toſſing their light Opinions to and fro,
To mock the *Lewd*, as learn'd in This as They.

For no craz'd Brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the *Soul*, ſo vain and fond a Thought;
But ſome among theſe Maſters have been found,
Which in their *Schools* the ſelf-ſame thing have (taught.
God only wiſe, to puniſh Pride of Wit,
Among Men's Wits hath this Confuſion wrought;
As the proud *Tow'r*, whoſe Points the Clouds did hit,
By Tongues Confuſion was to ruin brought.

But (*Thou*) which didſt *Man's Soul* of Nothing make,
And when to Nothing it was fall'n again,
" To make it new, the Form of Man didſt take;
" And *God* with *God*, becam'ſt a *Man* with Men.

Thou that haſt faſhion'd twice this *Soul* of ours,
So that ſhe is by double Title thine,
Thou only know'ſt her Nature, and her Pow'rs;
Her ſubtile Form, thou only canſt define.

To

To judge her ſelf, ſhe muſt her ſelf tranſcend,
As greater *Circles* comprehend the leſs:
But ſhe wants Pow'r, her own Pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd *Men* cannot their Strength expreſs.

But thou bright Morning-Star, thou Riſing-*Sun*,
Which in theſe latter Times haſt brought to Light
Thoſe Myſteries, that ſince the World begun,
Lay hid in Darkneſs, and Eternal Night.

Thou (*like the Sun*) doſt, with an equal Ray,
Into the *Palace* and the *Cottage* ſhine;
And ſhew'ſt the *Soul* both to the Clerk and Lay,
By the clear *Lamp* of th' *Oracle* divine.

This Lamp, through all the Regions of my Brain,
Where my *Soul* ſits, doth ſpread ſuch Beams of Grace,
As now, methinks, I do diſtinguiſh plain,
Each ſubtile Line of her *Immortal* Face.

The Soul a Subſtance and a *Spirit* is,
Which *God* himſelf doth in the Body make,
Which makes the *Man*, for every Man from this,
The *Nature* of a *Man*, and *Name* doth take.

And though this Spirit be to th' Body knit,
As an apt Means her Pow'rs to exerciſe,
Which are *Life*, *Motion*, *Senſe*, and *Will*, and *Wit*;
Yet ſhe *ſurvives*, although the Body *dies*.

SECT. I.

That the Soul is a Thing ſubſiſting by its ſelf, and has proper Operations without the Body.

SHE *is a Subſtance*, and a *real* Thing; (*Might*;
1. Which hath its ſelf an *actual*, working
2. Which neither from the *Senſes* Power doth ſpring,
3. Nor from the *Body's Humours* temper'd right.

She is a *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her ſpread her ſelf, or ſpring upright.
She is a *Star*, whoſe Beams do not proceed
From any *Sun*, but from a *Native* Light.

For when ſhe ſorts Things *preſent* with Things *paſt*,
And thereby Things to *come* doth oft fore-ſee;
When ſhe doth *doubt* at firſt, and *chuſe* at laſt,
Theſe Acts her *Own*, without her Body be.

When

When of the Dew, which th' *Eye* and *Ear* do take
From Flow'rs abroad, and bring into the Brain,
She doth within both Wax and Honey make:
This Work is her's, this is her proper Pain.

When ſhe from ſundry Acts, one Skill doth draw;
Gath'ring from divers Fights, one Art of War;
From many Caſes like, one Rule of Law:
Theſe her Collections, not the *Senſes* are.

When in th' *Effects* ſhe doth the *Cauſes* know; (*riſe*;
And ſeeing the *Stream*, thinks where the *Spring* doth
And ſeeing the Branch, conceives the Root below:
Theſe things ſhe views, without the Body's Eyes.

When ſhe, without a *Pegaſus*, doth fly
Swifter than Lightning's Fire, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*;
About the *Centre*, and above the *Sky*,
She travels then, although the Body reſt.

When all her Works ſhe formeth firſt within,
Proportions them, and ſees their perfect End,
E'er ſhe in Act doth any Part begin:
What Inſtruments doth then the Body lend?

When without Hands she doth thus *Castles* build,
Sees without Eyes, and without Feet doth run;
When she digests the World, yet is not fill'd:
By her own *Pow'rs* these Miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers *Virtue*, *Vice*, and *general Things*;
And marrying divers Principles and Grounds,
Out of their Match, a true Conclusion brings.

These Actions in her Closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within her self) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's Organs she hath none,
When she doth use the Pow'rs of Wit and Will.

Yet in the Body's Prison so she lies,
As through the Body's Windows she must look,
Her divers Powers of *Sense to exercise*,
By gath'ring Notes out of the *World*'s great Book.

Nor can her self discourse or judge of ought,
But what the *Sense* collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the Pow'rs of her discoursing Thought,
From these Collections, is a *diverse* Thing.

For

For though our Eyes can nought but Colours ſee,
Yet Colours give them not their Pow'r of Sight:
So, though theſe Fruits of *Senſe* her Objects be,
Yet ſhe diſcerns them by her proper Light.

The Workman on his Stuff his Skill doth ſhow,
And yet the Stuff gives not the Man his Skill:
Kings their Affairs do by their Servants know,
But order them by their own Royal Will.

So, though this cunning Miſtreſs, and this Queen,
Doth, as her Inſtruments, the *Senſes* uſe,
To know all things that are *felt*, *heard*, or *ſeen*;
Yet ſhe her ſelf doth only *judge* and *chuſe*.

Ev'n as a prudent *Emperor*, that reigns
By *Sovereign* Title, over ſundry Lands,
Borrows, in mean Affairs, his Subjects Pains,
Sees by their Eyes, and writeth by their Hands;

But Things of weight and conſequence indeed,
Himſelf doth in his Chamber them debate;
Where all his Counſellors he doth exceed,
As far in Judgment, as he doth in State.

Or as the Man whom *Princes* do advance,
Upon their gracious *Mercy-Seat* to ſit,
Doth Common Things, of Courſe and Circumſtance,
To the *Reports* of common Men commit:

But when the Cauſe it ſelf muſt be decreed,
Himſelf in Perſon, in his proper Court,
To grave and ſolemn Hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry Proof, and ev'ry By-Report.

Then, like God's Angel, he pronounceth Right,
And Milk and Honey from his Tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that ſtill are in his ſight,
To reap the Wiſdom which his Lips do ſow.

Right ſo the *Soul*, which is a Lady free,
And doth the Juſtice of her *State* maintain:
Becauſe the Senſes ready Servants be,
Attending nigh about her Court, the Brain;

By them the Forms of outward Things ſhe learns,
For they return into the *Fantaſie*,
Whatever each of them abroad diſcerns;
And there inrol it for the Mind to ſee.

But when ſhe ſits to judge the *Good* and *Ill*,
And to diſcern betwixt the *Falſe* and *True*,
She is not guided by the *Senſes* Skill,
But doth each thing in her own *Mirror* view.

Then ſhe the *Senſes* checks, which oft do err,
And ev'n againſt their falſe *Reports* decrees;
And oft ſhe doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a Pow'r above the *Senſe*, ſhe ſees.

Therefore no *Senſe* the precious Joys conceives,
Which in her private Contemplations be;
For then the raviſh'd Spirit th' *Senſes* leaves,
Hath her own Pow'rs, and proper Actions free.

Her Harmonies are ſweet, and full of Skill,
When on the Body's Inſtruments ſhe plays;
But the Proportions of the *Wit* and *Will*,
Thoſe ſweet Accords are even th' Angels Lays.

Theſe Tunes of *Reaſon* are *Amphion*'s Lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Thebane* City found:
Theſe are the Notes wherewith the Heavenly *Choir*,
The Praiſe of him which made the Heav'n, doth found.

Then her *ſelf-being Nature* ſhines in This,
That ſhe performs her *nobleſt* Works *alone:*
" The *Work*, the Touch-Stone of the *Nature* is;
" And by their *Operations*, Things are known.

SECT. II.

That the Soul *is more than a Perfection, or Reflection of the Senſe.*

ARE *they not ſenſeleſs* then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine Perfection of the *Senſe*,
Or of the Forms which *Fancy* doth inrol;
A *quick Reſulting*, and a *Conſequence?*

What is it then that doth the *Senſe* accuſe,
Both of *falſe Judgment*, and *fond Appetites?*
What makes us do what *Senſe* doth moſt refuſe,
Which oft in Torment of the *Senſe* delights?

Senſe thinks the *Planets Spheres* not much aſunder:
What tells us then their Diſtance is ſo far?
Senſe thinks the Lightning born before the Thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When

When Men ſeem Crows far off upon a Tow'r,
Senſe ſaith, they're Crows: What makes us think
them Men?
When we, in *Agues*, think all ſweet things ſowre,
What makes us know our Tongue's falſe Judg-
ment then?

What Pow'r was that, whereby *Medea* ſaw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better Courſe;
When her rebellious *Senſe* did ſo withdraw
Her feeble Pow'rs, that ſhe purſu'd the worſe?

Did *Senſe* perſwade *Ulyſſes* not to hear
The Mermaid's Songs, which ſo his Men did
pleaſe,
That they were all perſwaded, through the Ear,
To quit the Ship, and leap into the *Seas*?

Could any Pow'r of *Senſe* the *Roman* move,
To burn his own Right Hand with Courage
ſtout?
Could *Senſe* make *Marius* ſit unbound, and prove
The cruel Lancing of the knotty Gout?

Doubtleſs, in *Man* there is a *Nature* found,
Beſide the *Senſes*, and above them far; (drown'd.
" Though moſt Men being in ſenſual Pleaſures
" It ſeems their *Souls* but in their *Senſes* are.

If we had nought but *Senſe*, then only they
Should have found Minds, which have their *Senſes*
But *Wiſdom* grows, when *Senſes* do decay; (found:
And *Folly* moſt in quickeſt *Senſe* is found.

If we had nought but *Senſe*, each living Wight,
Which we call *Brute*, would be more ſharp than
As having *Senſe's apprehenſive Might*, (we;
In a more clear, and excellent Degree.

But they do want that *quick diſcourſing Pow'r*,
Which doth in us the erring *Senſe* correct;
Therefore the *Bee* did ſuck the painted Flow'r,
And *Birds*, of Grapes, the cunning Shadow peck'd.

Senſe outſides knows, the Soul through all things ſees:
Senſe, *Circumſtance*; She doth the *Subſtance* view:
Senſe ſees the Bark; but ſhe the Life of Trees:
Senſe hears the Sounds; but ſhe the Concords true.

But

But why do I the *Soul* and *Senſe* divide,
When *Senſe* is but a *Pow'r*, which ſhe extends;
Which being in divers parts *diverſify'd*,
The divers *Forms* of Objects apprehends?

This Power ſpreads outward, but the *Root* doth grow
In th'inward *Soul*, which only doth perceive;
For th' *Eyes* and *Ears* no more their Objects know,
Than *Glaſſes* know what Faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our Thoughts elſewhere,
Though our Eyes open be, we cannot ſee:
And if one *Pow'r* did not both ſee and hear,
Our Sights and Sounds would always double be.

Then is the *Soul* a Nature, which contains
The Pow'r of *Senſe*, within a greater Pow'r;
Which doth employ and uſe the *Senſe*'s Pains,
But ſits and Rules within her private Bow'r.

SECT.

SECT. III.

That the Soul is more than the Temperature of the Humours of the Body.

IF *ſhe doth then* the ſubtile *Senſe* excel,
How groſs are they that drown her in the Blood?
Or in the Body's Humours temper'd well;
As if in them ſuch high Perfection ſtood?

As if moſt Skill in that *Muſician* were,
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd *Inſtrument?*
As if the *Penſil* neat, and *Colours* clear,
Had Pow'r to make the *Painter* excellent?

Why doth not *Beauty* then refine the *Wit*,
And good Complexion rectify the *Will?*
Why doth not *Health* bring *Wiſdom* ſtill with it?
Why doth not Sickneſs make Men brutiſh ſtill.

Who can in *Memory*, or *Wit*, or *Will*,
Or *Air*, or *Fire*, or *Earth*, or *Water* find?
What Alchymiſt can draw, with all his Skill,
The *Quinteſſence* of theſe out of the Mind?

If th' *Elements* which have nor *Life*, nor *Senſe*,
Can breed in us ſo great a *Pow'r* as this,
Why give they not *themſelves* like Excellence,
Or other things wherein their *Mixture* is?

If ſhe were but the Body's Quality,
Then would ſhe be with it *ſick*, *maim'd* and *blind*:
But we perceive, where theſe Privations be,
An *healthy*, *perfect*, and *ſharp ſighted* Mind.

If ſhe the Body's Nature did partake, (*decay*:
Her Strength would with the Body's Strength
But when the Body's ſtrongeſt Sinews ſlake,
Then is the *Soul* moſt active, quick and gay.

If ſhe were but the Body's Accident,
And her ſole Being did in it ſubſiſt,
As *White in Snow*, ſhe might her ſelf abſent,
And in the Body's Subſtance not be miſs'd.

But *it* on *her*, not *ſhe* on *it* depends;
For *ſhe* the Body doth ſuſtain and cheriſh:
Such ſecret Pow'rs of Life to it ſhe lends,
That when they fail, then doth the Body periſh.

Since

Since then the *Soul works by her ſelf alone,*
Springs not from Senſe, nor *Humours well agreeing,*
Her Nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a *Subſtance,* and a *perfect Being.*

SECT. IV.

That the Soul is a Spirit.

BUT *though* this Subſtance be the Root of *Senſe,*
Senſe knows her not, which doth but *Bodies* know:
She is a Spirit, and Heav'nly Influence,
Which from the Fountain of God's Spirit doth flow.

She is a Spirit, yet not like *Air,* or *Wind;*
Nor like the *Spirits* about the *Heart,* or *Brain;*
Nor like thoſe Spirits which Alchymiſts do find,
When they in ev'ry thing ſeek Gold in *vain.*

For ſhe all *Natures* under Heav'n doth paſs,
Being like thoſe Spirits, which God's bright Face do ſee;
Or like *Himſelf,* whoſe *Image* once ſhe was,
Though now (alas!) ſhe ſcarce his *Shadow* be.

For

For of all *Forms*, ſhe holds the firſt Degree,
That are to groſs, material Bodies knit;
Yet ſhe her ſelf is *bodyleſs*, and free;
And though confin'd, is almoſt infinite.

Were ſhe a *Body*, how could ſhe remain
Within this Body, which is *leſs* than ſhe?
Or how could ſhe the World's great Shape contain,
And in our narrow Breaſts contained be?

All *Bodies* are confin'd within ſome place,
But *ſhe* all Place within her ſelf confines.
All *Bodies* have their Meaſure, and their Space;
But who can draw the *Soul*'s dimenſive Lines?

No *Body* can at once two Forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the *Soul* ten thouſand Forms do ſit,
And none intrudes into her Neighbour's Place.

All *Bodies* are with other Bodies fill'd,
But ſhe receives both *Heav'n* and *Earth* together:
Nor are their Forms by raſh Encounter ſpill'd,
For there they ſtand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor

Nor can her wide Embracements filled be;
For they that moſt and greateſt things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their Mind's Capacity,
As Streams enlarg'd, enlarge the Channel's Space.

All things receiv'd, do ſuch Proportion take,
As thoſe things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little Glaſſes little Faces make,
And narrow Webs on narrow Frames are weav'd.

Then what vaſt Body muſt we make the *Mind*,
Wherein are Men, Beaſts, Trees, Towns, Seas and Lands;
And yet each thing a proper Place doth find,
And each thing in the true *Proportion* ſtands?

Doubtleſs, this could not be, but that ſhe turns
Bodies to Spirits, by *Sublimation* ſtrange;
As Fire converts to Fire the things it burns;
As we our Meats into our Nature change.

From their groſs *Matter* ſhe abſtracts the *Forms*,
And draws a kind of *Quinteſſence* from things;
Which to her proper Nature ſhe transforms,
To bear them light on her Celeſtial Wings.

This

This doth she, when, from things *particular*,
She doth abstract the *universal Kinds*,
Which bodyless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our Minds.

And thus, from divers *Accidents* and *Acts*,
Which do within her Observation fall,
She Goddesses, and Pow'rs divine abstracts;
As *Nature*, *Fortune*, and the *Vertues* all.

Again; How can she sev'ral *Bodies* know,
If in her self a *Body*'s Form she bear?
How can a Mirror sundry Faces show,
If from all Shapes and Forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our Eyes all Colours learn,
Except our Eyes were of all Colours void;
Nor sundry Tastes can any Tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter Humours cloy'd.

Nor can a Man of *Passions* judge aright,
Except his Mind be from all Passions free:
Nor can a *Judge* his Office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either Party be.

If,

If, laſtly, this quick Pow'r a Body were,
Were it as ſwift as is the *Wind*, or *Fire*,
(Whoſe *Atoms* do the One down ſide-ways bear,
And th' Other make in *Pyramids* aſpire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time muſt move,
And not in Inſtants through all places ſlide:
But ſhe is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of Time, which Thought cannot divide:

She's ſent as ſoon to *China*, as to *Spain*;
And thence returns, as ſoon as ſhe is ſent:
She meaſures with one Time, and with one Pain,
An Ell of Silk, and Heav'ns wide-ſpreading Tent.

As then the *Soul* a Subſtance hath alone,
Beſides the Body, in which ſhe is confin'd;
So hath ſhe not a *Body* of her own,
But is a *Spirit*, and *immaterial Mind*.

Since Body and Soul have ſuch Diverſities, (gan;
Well might we muſe, how firſt their *Match* be-
But that we learn, that *He* that ſpread the Skies,
And fix'd the Earth, firſt form'd the *Soul* in Man.

This

This true *Prometheus* firſt made Man of Earth,
And ſhed in him a Beam of Heav'nly Fire;
Now in their Mother's Wombs, before their Birth,
Doth in all Sons of Men their *Souls* inſpire.

And as *Minerva* is in Fables ſaid,
From *Jove*, without a Mother, to proceed;
So our true *Jove*, without a Mother's Aid,
Doth daily Millions of *Minerva*'s breed.

SECT. V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of Souls.

THen neither from Eternity before, (begun,
Nor from the Time, when *Time*'s firſt Point
Made he all *Souls*, which now he keeps in ſtore;
Some in the Moon, and others in the Sun:

Nor in a *ſecret Cloyſter* doth he keep
Theſe Virgin-Spirits, until their *Marriage-day*;
Nor locks them up in Chambers, where they ſleep,
Till they awake within theſe Beds of Clay.

Nor did he firſt a certain Number make,
Infuſing part in *Beaſts*, and part in *Men*;
And, as unwilling further Pains to take,
Would make no more than thoſe he framed then.

So that the Widow-*Soul*, her *Body* dying,
Unto the next-born *Body* married was;
And ſo by often changing, and ſupplying,
Mens Souls to Beaſts, and Beaſts to Men did paſs.

(Theſe Thoughts are fond; for ſince the Bodies born
Be more in number far, than thoſe that die,
Thouſands muſt be abortive, and forlorn,
E're others Deaths to them their *Souls* ſupply:)

But as *God's Handmaid*, *Nature*, doth create
Bodies in time diſtinct, and Order due;
So God gives *Souls* the like ſucceſſive Date,
Which *Himſelf* makes, in Bodies formed new:

Which *Himſelf* makes of no material thing;
For unto Angels he no Pow'r hath giv'n,
Either to form the Shape, or Stuff to bring
From *Air*, or *Fire*, or *Subſtance of the Heav'n*.

Nor

Nor herein doth he *Nature*'s Service uſe;
For though from Bodies, ſhe can Bodies bring,
Yet could ſhe never Souls from Souls *traduce*, (ſpring.
As Fire from Fire, or Light from Light doth

SECT. VI.

That the Soul is not ex Traduce.

ALas! that ſome who were great Lights of old,
And in their Hands the Lamp of God did
Some Rev'rend Fathers did this Error hold, (bear!
Having their Eyes dimm'd with religious Fear.

Objection.

For when (ſay they) by Rule of Faith we find,
That ev'ry *Soul*, unto her *Body* knit,
Brings from the Mother's Womb the *Sin of kind*,
The *Root* of all the *Ill* ſhe doth commit.

How can we ſay that God the *Soul* doth make,
But we muſt make him Adthor of her Sin?
Then from Man's *Soul ſhe* doth Beginning take,
Since in Man's *Soul* Corruption did begin.

For if God make her firſt, he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our Thoughts ſhould yield unto;)
Or makes the Body her fair Form to ſpill,
Which, of it ſelf, it had not Pow'r to do.

Not *Adam*'s *Body*, but his *Soul* did ſin,
And ſo her ſelf unto Corruption brought;
But our poor *Soul* corrupted is within,
Er'e ſhe had ſinn'd, either in Act, or Thought:

And yet we ſee in her ſuch Pow'rs Divine,
As we could gladly think, *from God ſhe came:*
Fain would we make him Author of the Wine,
If for the Dregs we could ſome other blame.

Anſwer.

Thus theſe good Men with holy Zeal were blind,
When on the other part the Truth did ſhine;
Whereof we do clear Demonſtrations find,
By Light of *Nature*, and by Light *Divine*.

None

None are ſo groſs, as to contend for this,
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be;
Between whoſe Natures no Proportion is,
When Root and Branch in Nature ſtill agree.

But many ſubtile Wits have juſtify'd,
That *Souls* from *Souls* ſpiritually may ſpring;
Which (if the Nature of the *Soul* be try'd)
Will ev'n in Nature prove as groſs a thing.

SECT. VII.

Reaſons drawn from Nature.

FOR all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of Stuff that ready made doth ſtand:
Of nought no Creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's Hand.

If then the *Soul* another *Soul* do make,
Becauſe her Pow'r is kept within a Bound,
She muſt ſome former Stuff, or *Matter* take:
But in the *Soul* there is no *Matter* found.

Then if her heav'nly Form do not agree
With any *Matter* which the World contains,
Then ſhe of *nothing* muſt created be;
And to *create*, to God alone pertains.

Again, if *Souls* do other *Souls* beget,
'Tis by themſelves, or by the Bodies Pow'r:
If by themſelves, what doth their Working let,
But they might *Souls* engender ev'ry Hour?

If by the Body, how can *Wit* and *Will*
Join with the Body only in this Act,
Since when they do their other Works fulfil,
They from the Body do themſelves *abſtract*?

Again, if *Souls* of *Souls* begotten were,
Into each other they ſhould change and move:
And *Change* and *Motion ſtill Corruption* bear;
How ſhall we then the *Soul* immortal prove?

If, laſtly, *Souls* do Generation uſe,
Then ſhould they ſpread incorruptible Seed:
What then becomes of that which they do loſe,
When th'Acts of Generation do not ſpeed?

And though the *Soul* could caſt ſpiritual Seed,
Yet *would* ſhe not, becauſe ſhe *never dies*;
For mortal things deſire their Like to breed,
That ſo they may their Kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, Sons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in Marriage giv'n:
Their Spirits and ours are of one *Subſtance* fram'd,
And have one Father, ev'n the *Lord of Heaven*;

Who would at firſt, that in each other thing,
The *Earth* and *Water* living *Souls* ſhould breed,
But that *Man*'s *Soul*, whom he would make their
Should from himſelf immediately proceed. (King,

And when he took the *Woman* from *Man*'s ſide,
Doubtleſs himſelf inſpir'd her *Soul* alone:
For 'tis not ſaid, he did *Man*'s *Soul* divide,
But took *Fleſh of his Fleſh, Bone of his Bone.*

Laſtly, God being made Man, for Man's own ſake,
And being like Man in all, except in Sin,
His Body from the *Virgin*'s Womb did take;
But all agree, *God form'd his Soul within.*

Then is the *Soul* from God; ſo *Pagans* ſay,
Which ſaw by *Nature*'s Light her heavenly Kind;
Naming her, *Kin to God, and God's bright Ray,*
A Citizen of Heav'n, to Earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the Ear,
Whom my young *Muſe* ſo boldly termed blind;
And crave more heav'nly Light, that Cloud to clear;
Which makes them think, God doth not make the (Mind.

SECT. VIII.

Reaſons from Divinity.

GOd, doubtleſs, makes her, and doth make her (good,
And grafts her in the Body, there to ſpring;
Which, though it be corrupted Fleſh and Blood,
Can no way to the Soul Corruption bring:

Yet is not God the Author of her *Ill*,
Though Author of her *Being*, and *being there:*
And if we dare to judge our *Maker*'s Will,
He can condemn us, and himſelf can clear.

Firſt,

First, God from infinite Eternity
Decreed, what *hath been*, *is*, or *ſhall be* done;
And was reſolv'd, that ev'ry Man ſhould be,
And in his turn, his Race of Life ſhould run:

And ſo did purpoſe all the *Souls* to make,
That ever *have been* made, or *ever ſhall*;
And that their *Being* they ſhould only take
In Humane Bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was it then fit that ſuch a weak Event
(*Weakneſs it ſelf*, the Sin and Fall of Man)
His Counſel's Execution ſhould prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the World began?

Or that one *Penal Law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God break his own *Eternal Law*;
The ſettled Order of the World revoke,
And change all Forms of Things which he foreſaw?

Could *Eve*'s weak Hand, extended to the Tree,
In ſunder rend that *Adamantine Chain*,
Whoſe golden Links, *Effects* and *Cauſes* be;
And which to God's own Chair doth fix'd remain?

O, Could

O, Could we ſee how Cauſe from Cauſe doth ſpring!
How mutually they link'd, and folded are!
And hear how oft one diſagreeing String
The Harmony doth rather make, than marr!

And view at once, how *Death* by *Sin* is brought;
And how from *Death*, a better *Life* doth riſe!
How This God's *Juſtice*, and his *Mercy* taught!
We this Decree would praiſe, as right and wiſe.

But we that meaſure Times by Firſt and Laſt,
The ſight of things *ſucceſſively* do take,
When God on all at once his View doth caſt,
And of all Times doth but one *Inſtant* make.

All in *Himſelf*, as in a *Glaſs*, he ſees;
For *from him, by him, thrô him, all things be:*
His Sight is not diſcourſive, by degrees;
But ſeeing the whole, each ſingle part doth ſee.

He looks on *Adam*, as a *Root*, or *Well*;
And on his Heirs, as *Branches*, and as *Streams:*
He ſees *all* Men, as *one* Man, though they dwell
In ſundry Cities, and in ſundry Realms.

And

And as the *Root* and *Branch* are but one *Tree*,
And *Well* and *Stream* do but one *River* make;
So, if the *Root* and *Well* corrupted be,
The *Stream* and *Branch* the ſame Corruption take.

So, when the Root and Fountain of Mankind
Did draw Corruption, and God's Curſe, by Sin;
This was a Charge, that all his Heirs did bind,
And all his Off-ſpring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th'Hand doth ſtrike, the Man offends,
(For *Part from whole, Law ſevers not in this*)
So *Adam*'s Sin to the whole Kind extends;
For all their Natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *Sin of Kind*, not perſonal,
But real, and hereditary was;
The Guilt thereof, and Puniſhment to all,
By Courſe of Nature, and of Law doth paſs.

For as that eaſie Law was giv'n to all,
To Anceſtor and Heir, to Firſt and Laſt;
So was the firſt Tranſgreſſion general;
And all did pluck the Fruit, and all did taſte.

Of

Of this we find ſome Foot-ſteps in our Law,
Which doth her Root from God and Nature take;
Ten thouſand Men ſhe doth together draw,
And of them all, one Corporation make:

Yet theſe, and their Succeſſors, are but one;
And if they gain, or loſe their Liberties,
They harm, or profit not themſelves alone,
But ſuch as in ſucceeding Times ſhall riſe.

And ſo the Anceſtor, and all his Heirs,
Though they in number paſs the Stars of Heav'n,
Are ſtill but one; his Forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his Advancements giv'n:

His Civil Acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from *Adam*, all Corruption take,
So, if the Father's Crime be *capital*,
In all the *Blood*, Law doth Corruption make.

Is it then juſt with us, to diſinherit
Th' unborn Nephews, for the Father's Fault;
And to advance again, for one Man's Merit,
A thouſand Heirs, that have deſerved nought?

And is not God's Decree as juſt as ours,
If he, for *Adam*'s Sin, his Sons deprive
Of all thoſe native Virtues, and thoſe Pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his Race did give?

For, What is this contagious Sin of Kind,
But a *Privation* of that Grace within,
And of that great rich Dowry of the Mind,
Which all had had, but for the firſt Man's Sin?

If then a Man, on light Conditions, gain
A great Eſtate, to him, and his, for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his Heir, or blame the Giver?

So, though God make the *Soul* good, rich and fair,
Yet when her Form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adam*'s *Heir*,
Juſtly forthwith he takes his Grace from it:

And then the *Soul*, being firſt from Nothing brought,
When God's Grace fails her, doth to Nothing fall;
And this *declining Proneneſs unto Nought*,
Is ev'n that *Sin* that we are born withal.

Yet

Yet not alone the firſt good Qualities,
  Which in the firſt *Soul* were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do riſe,
  And real Spots of Sin her Beauty marr.

Nor is it ſtrange, that *Adam*'s ill Deſert
  Should be transferr'd unto his guilty Race,
When *Chriſt* his Grace and Juſtice doth impart
  To Men unjuſt, and ſuch as have no Grace.

Laſtly, The *Soul* were better ſo to be
  Born Slave to Sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if ſhe do believe) one ſets her free,
  That makes her mount the higher for her Fall.

Yet this the curious Wits will not content;
  They yet will know (ſince God foreſaw this Ill)
Why his high Providence did not prevent
  The Declination of the firſt Man's Will.

If by his Word he had the Current ſtay'd
  Of *Adam*'s Will, which was by Nature free,
It had been One, as if his Word had ſaid,
  I will henceforth, that *Man no Man ſhall be.*

For

For what is Man without a moving Mind,
Which hath a judging *Wit*, and chuſing *Will*?
Now, if God's Pow'r ſhould her Election bind,
Her Motions then would ceaſe, and ſtand all ſtill.

And why did God in Man this *Soul* infuſe,
But that he ſhould his Maker *know* and *love*?
Now, if *Love* be compell'd, and cannot chuſe,
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove?

Love muſt free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not inchanted, or by Fate conſtrain'd:
Nor like that Love, which did *Ulyſſes* carry
To *Circe*'s Iſle, with mighty Charms enchain'd.

Beſides, Were we unchangeable in *Will*,
And of a *Wit* that nothing could miſ deem;
Equal to God, whoſe Wiſdom ſhineth ſtill,
And never errs, we might our ſelves eſteem.

So that if Man would be unvariable,
He muſt be God, or like a Rock or Tree;
For ev'n the perfect Angels were not ſtable,
But had a Fall more deſperate than we.

Then

Then let us praiſe that Pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and reſt contented ſo;
And knowing Man's Fall was Curioſity,
Admire God's Counſels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the Maker is
Of all the *Souls*, in all the Men that be;
Yet their Corruption is no Fault of his,
But the firſt Man's, that broke God's firſt Decree.

SECT. IX.

Why the Soul is united to the Body.

THis *Subſtance*, and this *Spirit*, *of God's own ma-*
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here, (*king*,
" That both of God, and of the World partaking,
" Of all that is, Man might the Image bear.

God firſt made Angels bodileſs, pure Minds;
Then other things, which mindleſs Bodies be;
Laſt, he made Man, th' *Horizon* 'twixt both Kinds,
In whom we do the World's Abridgment ſee.

Beſides,

Beſides, this World below did need *one Wight*,
Which might thereof diſtinguiſh ev'ry part;
Make uſe thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with Induſtry and Art:

Which alſo God might in his Works admire,
And here beneath yield him both Pray'r and Praiſe;
As there, above, the holy Angels Choir
Doth ſpread his Glory forth with ſpiritual Lays.

Laſtly, The brute, unreaſonable Wights,
Did want a *viſible King*, o're them to reign:
And God himſelf thus to the World unites,
That ſo the World might endleſs Bliſs obtain.

SECT. X.

In what Manner the Soul is united to the Body.

BUT how ſhall we this *Union* well expreſs?
Nought ties the *Soul*, her Subtilty is ſuch;
She moves the Body, which ſhe doth poſſeſs;
Yet no part toucheth, but by *Virtue*'s Touch.

Then dwells ſhe not therein, as in a *Tent*;
Nor as a Pilot in his *Ship* doth ſit;
Nor as the Spider in his *Web* is pent;
Nor as the Wax retains the Print in it;

Nor as a Veſſel Water doth contain;
Nor as one Liquor in another ſhed;
Nor as the Heat doth in the Fire remain;
Nor as a Voice throughout the Air is ſpread:

But as the fair and chearful *Morning Light*
Doth here and there her Silver-Beams impart,
And in an Inſtant doth her ſelf unite
To the tranſparent Air, in all, and ev'ry part:

Still reſting whole, when Blows the Air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' Air is moſt corrupted;
Throughout th' Air, her Beams diſperſing wide;
And when the Air is toſs'd, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing *Soul* the Body fill,
Being *all* in *all*, and all in part diffus'd;
Indiviſible, incorruptible ſtill;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the *Sun* above the Light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the Air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the *Soul* doth ſpring,
Though in the Body ſhe her Pow'rs do ſhow.

SECT. XI.

How the Soul exerciſes her Powers in the Body.

BUT as the World's *Sun* doth Effects beget
Diff'rent, in divers places ev'ry Day;
Here *Autumn*'s Temperature, there *Summer*'s Heat;
Here flow'ry *Spring-tide*, and there *Winter*-Gray:

Here *Ev'n*, there *Morn*; here *Noon*, there *Day*, there *Night*, (ſome dead;
Melts Wax, dries Clay, makes Flow'rs, ſome quick,
Makes the *Moor* black, the *European* white;
Th' *American* tawny, and th' *Eaſt-Indian* red:

So in our little World, this *Soul* of ours
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,
Doth uſe, on divers Objects, divers Powers;
And ſo are her Effects diverſify'd.

SECT. XII.

The Vegetative Power of the Soul.

HER *quick'ning* Power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a Nurſe, or as a Mother ſerve;
And doth employ her *Oeconomick Art*,
And buiſy Care, her Houſhold to preſerve.

Here ſhe *attracts*, and there ſhe doth *retain*;
There ſhe *decocts*, and doth the Food prepare;
There ſhe *diſtributes* it to ev'ry Vein,
There ſhe *expels* what ſhe may fitly ſpare.

This Pow'r to *Martha* may compared be,
Who buiſy was, the *Houſhold-things* to do:
Or to a *Dryas*, living in a Tree;
For ev'n to Trees this Pow'r is proper too.

And though the *Soul* may not this Pow'r extend
Out of the Body, but ſtill uſe it there;
She hath a Pow'r which ſhe *abroad* doth ſend,
Which views and ſearcheth all things ev'ry where.

SECT.

SECT. XIII.

The Power of Senſe.

THis *Pow'r is Senſe*, which from abroad doth bring
The *Colour*, *Taſte*, and *Touch*, and *Scent*, and *Sound*,
The *Quantity* and *Shape* of ev'ry thing
Within Earth's Centre, or Heav'n's Circle found.

This Pow'r, in Parts made fit, fit Objects takes;
Yet not the Things, but *Forms* of Things receives;
As when a Seal in Wax Impreſſion makes,
The Print therein, but not it ſelf, it leaves.

And though things *ſenſible* be numberleſs,
But only Five the *Senſe*'s Organs be;
And in thoſe Five, all things their Forms expreſs,
Which we can *touch*, *taſte*, *feel*, or *hear*, or *ſee*.

Theſe are the Windows, through the which ſhe views
The *Light of Knowledge*, which is Life's Load-
" And yet while ſhe theſe Spectacles doth uſe, (Star:
" Oft worldly Things ſeem greater than they are.

SECT. XIV.

Seeing.

Firſt, The two *Eyes*, which have the *Seeing* Pow'r,
Stand as one Watchman, Spy, or Sentinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the Head's high Tow'r;
And though both ſee, yet both but one thing tell.

Theſe Mirrors take into their little Space,
The Forms of *Moon* and *Sun*, and ev'ry *Star*,
Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place, (are:
Which with the World's wide Arms embraced

Yet their beſt Object, and their nobleſt Uſe,
Hereafter in another World will be,
When God in them ſhall heav'nly Light infuſe,
That Face to Face they may their *Maker* ſee.

Here

Here are they Guides, which do the Body lead,
Which elſe would ſtumble in Eternal Night:
Here in this World they do much Knowledge *read*,
And are the Caſements which admit moſt Light:

They are her fartheſt reaching Inſtrument,
Yet they no Beams unto their Objects ſend;
But all the Rays are from their Objects ſent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed Angles end.

If th' Objects be far off, the Rays do meet
In a ſharp Point, and ſo things ſeem but ſmall:
If they be near, their Rays do ſpread and fleet,
And make broad Points, that things ſeem great withal.
Laſtly, Nine things to *Sight* required are;
The *Pow'r* to ſee, the *Light*, the *viſible* thing,
Being not too *ſmall*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,
Clear Space and *Time*, the Form diſtinct to bring.

Thus ſee we how the *Soul* doth uſe the Eyes,
As Inſtruments of her quick Pow'r of Sight:
Hence doth th'Arts *Optick*, and fair *Painting* riſe;
Painting, which doth all gentle Minds delight.

SECT. XV.

Hearing.

NOW let us hear how ſhe the *Ears* employs:
Their Office is, the troubled Air to take;
Which in their Mazes forms a Sound or Noiſe,
Whereof her ſelf doth true Diſtinction make.

Theſe Wickets of the *Soul* are plac'd on high,
Becauſe all Sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too *violently*,
They are *delay'd* with *Turns* and *Windings* oft.

For ſhould the Voice directly ſtrike the Brain,
It would aſtoniſh and confuſe it much;
Therefore theſe Plaits and Folds the Sound reſtrain,
That it the *Organ* may more *gently* touch.

As Streams, which with their winding Banks do play,
Stopp'd by their Creeks, run ſoftly through the Plain:
So in th' Ear's *Labyrinth* the Voice doth ſtray,
And doth with *eaſy* Motion touch the Brain.

This

This is the ſloweſt, yet the daintieſt *Senſe*;
For ev'n the *Ears* of ſuch as have no Skill,
Perceive a Diſcord, and conceive Offence;
And knowing not what's *good*, yet find the *Ill*.

And though this *Senſe* firſt gentle Muſick found,
Her proper Object is *the Speech of Men*;
But that Speech chiefly which God's Harolds Sound,
When their Tongues utter what his Spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* have Lids, our *Ears* ſtill ope we ſee,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry Tale is prov'd:
Our *Eyes* ſtill move, our *Ears* unmoved be; (mov'd.
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Ear*,
The *Soul* with Knowledge doth her ſelf endue:
" Thus ſhe her *Priſon* may with Pleaſure bear,
" Having ſuch *Proſpects*, all the World to view.

Theſe *Conduit-pipes* of Knowledge feed the Mind,
But th' other three attend the Body ſtill;
For by their Services the *Soul* doth find,
What things are to the Body good or ill.

SECT.

SECT. XVI.

Taſte.

THE Body's Life with Meats and Air is fed,
Therefore the *Soul* doth uſe the *Taſting* Pow'r
In Veins, which through the Tongue and Palate ſpread,
Diſtinguiſh ev'ry Reliſh, Sweet, and Sow'r.

This is the Body's *Nurſe*; but ſince Man's Wit
Found th'Art of *Cook'ry* to delight his *Senſe*,
More Bodies are conſum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the Sword, Famine, or Peſtilence.

SECT. XVII.

Smelling.

NExt, In the Noſtrils ſhe doth uſe the *Smell*:
As God the *Breath* of *Life* in them did give;
So makes he now this Pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all Airs, whereby we *breath* and *live*.

This

This *Senſe* is alſo Miſtreſs of an Art,
Which to ſoft People ſweet Perfumes doth ſell;
Though this dear Art doth little Good impart,
"Since They ſmell beſt, that do of nothing ſmell.

And yet good *Scents* do purify the Brain,
Awake the Fancy, and the Wits refine:
Hence old *Devotion*, *Incenſe* did ordain, (vine.
To make Men's Spirits more apt for Thoughts Di-

SECT. XVIII.

Feeling.

LAſtly, *The Feeling Pow'r*, which is Life's Root,
Through ev'ry living Part it ſelf doth ſhed
By *Sinews*, which extend from Head to Foot;
And like a Net, all o'er the Body ſpread.

Much like a ſubtile Spider, which doth ſit
In middle of her Web, which ſpreadeth wide;
If ought do touch the utmoſt *Thread* of it,
She *feels* it inſtantly on ev'ry ſide.

By

By *Touch*, the firſt pure Qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, *hot*, *cold*, *moiſt*, and *dry*:
By *Touch*, *hard*, *ſoft*, *rough*, *ſmooth*, we do diſcern:
By *Touch*, *ſweet Pleaſure*, and *ſharp Pain* we try.

SECT. XIX.

Of the Imagination, *or Common Senſe.*

THeſe are the outward Inſtruments of *Senſe*;
Theſe are the *Guards* which ev'ry thing muſt
E'er it approach the Mind's Intelligence, (paſs,
Or touch the Fantaſy, *Wit's Looking-Glaſs.*

And yet theſe Porters, which all things admit,
Themſelves perceive not, nor diſcern the things:
One *common* Pow'r doth in the *Forehead* ſit,
Which all their proper *Forms* together brings.

For all thoſe *Nerves*, which *Spirits of Senſe* do bear,
And to thoſe outward *Organs* ſpreading go,
United are, as in a *Centre*, there; (know.
And there this *Pow'r* thoſe ſundry *Forms* doth

Thoſe

Thoſe outward Organs preſent things receive,
This inward *Senſe* doth abſent things retain;
Yet ſtrait tranſmits all Forms ſhe doth perceive,
Unto an higher Region of the *Brain*,

SECT. XX.

Fantaſy.

WHere *Fantaſy*, near *Hand-maid* to the Mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth diſcern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their Kind;
Compares the Black and White, the Great and Small.

Beſides, thoſe ſingle Forms ſhe doth eſteem,
And in her Ballance doth their Values try;
Where ſome things good, and ſome things ill do ſeem,
And Neutral ſome, in her *fantaſtick Eye*.

This buiſy Pow'r is working Day and Night;
For when the outward *Senſes* Reſt do take,
A thouſand Dreams, fantaſtical and light,
With flutt'ring Wings, do keep her ſtill awake:

SECT.

SECT. XXI.

Senſitive Memory.

YET always all may not afore her be;
Succeſſively ſhe this and that intends;
Therefore ſuch Forms as ſhe doth ceaſe to ſee,
To *Memory*'s large Volume ſhe commends.

This *Ledger-Book* lies in the Brain behind,
Like *Janus* Eye, which in his Poll was ſet:
The *Lay-man's Tables, Store-houſe of the Mind*;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *Senſe*'s *Apprehenſion* End doth take;
As when a Stone is into Water caſt,
One Circle doth another Circle make,
Till the laſt Circle touch the Bank at laſt.

SECT. XXII.

The Paſſion of the Senſe.

BUT though the *Apprehenſive Pow'r* do pauſe,
The *Motive* Vertue then begins to move;
Which in the Heart below doth *Paſſions* cauſe,
Joy, *Grief*, and *Fear*, and *Hope*, and *Hate*, and *Love*.

Theſe Paſſions have a free commanding Might,
And divers Actions in our Life do breed;
For all Acts done without true *Reaſon*'s Light,
Do from the *Paſſion* of the *Senſe* proceed.

But ſince the *Brain* doth lodge the Pow'rs of *Senſe*,
How makes it in the *Heart* thoſe Paſſions ſpring?
The mutual Love, the kind *Intelligence*
'Twixt *Heart* and *Brain*, this *Sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind Heat, which in the Heart doth reign,
The *Spirits* of Life do their Beginning take;
Theſe *Spirits* of Life aſcending to the Brain, (make.
When they come there, the *Spirits* of *Senſe* do

Theſe

These *Spirits* of *Sense*, in Fantasy's high Court,
Judge of the Forms of *Objects*, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill Report
Down to the *Heart*, where all *Affections* dwell.

If the Report be *good*, it causeth *Love*,
And longing *Hope*, and well assured *Joy*:
If it be *ill*, then doth it *Hatred* move,
And trembling *Fear*, and vexing *Griefs* annoy.

Yet were these natural Affections good,
(For they which want them, *Blocks* or *Devils* be)
If *Reason* in her first Perfection stood,
That she might *Nature*'s Passions rectify.

SECT. XXIII.

Local Motion.

BEsides, another *Motive*-Power doth arise
Out of the Heart, from whose pure Blood do
The *Vital Spirits*; which born in *Arteries*, (spring
Continual Motion to all Parts do bring.

This

This makes the Pulſes beat, and Lungs reſpire:
This holds the Sinews like a Bridle's Reins;
And makes the Body to advance, retire,
To turn, or ſtop, as ſhe them ſlacks, or ſtrains.

Thus the *Soul* tunes the *Body*'s Inſtruments,
Theſe Harmonies ſhe makes with *Life* and *Senſe*;
The Organs fit are by the Body lent,
But th' *Actions* flow from the *Soul*'s Influence.

SECT. XXIV.

The Intellectual *Powers of the Soul.*

BUT *now* I have a *Will*, yet want a *Wit*,
T' expreſs the working of the *Wit* and *Will*;
Which, though their *Root* be to the Body knit,
Uſe not the Body, when they uſe their *Skill*.

Theſe Pow'rs the Nature of the *Soul declare*,
For to Man's *Soul* theſe only proper be;
For on the Earth no other Wights there are
That have theſe Heav'nly Pow'rs, but only we.

SECT. XXV.

Wit, Reaſon, Underſtanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wiſdom.

THE *Wit*, the Pupil of the *Soul's* clear Eye,
And in Man's World, the only ſhining *Star*,
Look in the *Mirror* of the *Fantaſy*,
Where all the *Gath'rings* of the *Senſes* are.

From thence this *Pow'r* the *Shapes* of things abſtracts,
And them within her *Paſſive Part* receives,
Which are enlightned by that part which Acts;
And ſo the *Forms* of ſingle things perceives.

But after, by diſcourſing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all *Univerſal* Natures know,
And all *Effects* into their *Cauſes* brings.

When ſhe *rates* things, and moves from Ground to (Ground,
The Name of *Reaſon* ſhe obtains by this:
But when by Reaſon ſhe the Truth hath found,
And *ſtandeth fix'd*, ſhe *Underſtanding* is.

When

When her Aſſent ſhe *lightly* doth incline
To either part, ſhe his *Opinion*'s *Light*:
But when ſhe doth by Principles define
A certain *Truth*, ſhe hath *true Judgment*'s Sight.

And as from *Senſes*, *Reaſon*'s Work doth ſpring,
So many *Reaſons Underſtanding* gain;
And many *Underſtandings*, *Knowledge* bring,
And by much *Knowledge*, *Wiſdom* we obtain.

So, many Stairs we muſt aſcend upright;
E're we attain to *Wiſdom*'s high Degree:
So doth this Earth eclipſe our Reaſon's Light,
Which elſe (in Inſtants) would like Angels ſee.

SECT. XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the Soul.

YEt hath the *Soul* a Dowry natural, (to ſee;
And *Sparks of Light*, ſome common things
Not being a Blank where Nought is writ at all,
But what the Writer will, may written be.

For Nature in Man's Heart her Laws doth pen,
Preſcribing *Truth* to *Wit*, and *Good* to *Will*;
Which do *accuſe*, or elſe *excuſe* all Men,
For ev'ry Thought or Practice, good or ill:

And yet theſe Sparks grow almoſt infinite,
Making the World, and all therein, their Food;
As Fire ſo ſpreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nouriſh'd ſtill with new *Supplies* of Wood.

And though theſe Sparks were almoſt quench'd with (*Sin*,
Yet they whom that *juſt One* hath juſtify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly Light within;
And like the *Widow's Oil*, ſtill *multiply*'d.

SECT. XXVII.

The Power of Will, *and Relation between the* Wit *and* Will.

AND as this *Wit* ſhould *Goodneſs* truly know,
We have a *Will*, which that true Good ſhould chuſe,
Tho *Will* do oft (when *Wit* falſe Forms doth ſhow)
Take *Ill* for *Good*, and *Good* for *Ill* refuſe.

Will

Will puts in practice what the *Wit* deviſeth:
Will ever acts, and *Wit* contemplates ſtill:
And as from *Wit*, the Pow'r of *Wiſdom* riſeth,
All other Virtues Daughters are of *Will.*

Will is the *Prince*, and *Wit* the *Counſellor*,
Which doth for *common Good* in Council ſit;
And when *Wit* is reſolv'd, *Will* lends her Power
To execute what is advis'd by *Wit*.

Wit is the Mind's chief Judge, which doth controul
Of *Fancy*'s Court the Judgments falſe and vain:
Will holds the Royal Scepter in the *Soul*,
And on the *Paſſions* of the Heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any *Emperor*,
Nought can reſtrain her *gentle* Liberty:
No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the pow'r
To make us *will*, when we unwilling be.

SECT. XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

TO these high Pow'rs a *Store-house* doth pertain,
Where they all Arts, and *gen'ral* Reasons lay;
Which in the *Soul*, ev'n after *Death*, remain,
And no *Lethean* Flood can wash away.

SECT. XXIX.

The Dependency *of the Soul's* Faculties *upon each Other.*

THis is the *Soul*, and these her *Virtues* be;
Which, though they have their sundry pro-(per Ends,
And one exceeds another in *Degree*,
Yet each *on other* mutually depends.

Our Wit is giv'n, *Almighty God* to *know*;
Our *Will* is giv'n to *love* him, being *known*:
But God could not be *known* to us below,
But by his *Works*, which through the Sense are shown.

And

And as the *Wit* doth reap the Fruits of *Senſe*,
So doth the *quick'ning* Pow'r the *Senſes feed*:
Thus while they do their ſundry Gifts diſpence,
" The Beſt the Service of the Leaſt doth need.

Ev'n ſo the King his Magiſtrates do ſerve,
Yet Commons feed both Magiſtrates and King:
The Common's Peace the Magiſtrates preſerve,
By borrow'd Pow'r, which from the Prince doth ſpring.
The *Quick'ning Power* would *be*, and ſo would reſt;
The *Senſe* would not *be* only, but *be well*:
But *Wit*'s Ambition longeth to the beſt,
For it deſires in *endleſs* Bliſs to dwell.

And theſe three Pow'rs, three ſorts of Men do make;
For ſome, like Plants, their Veins do only fill;
And ſome, like Beaſts, their Senſes pleaſure take;
And ſome, like Angels, do contemplate ſtill.

Therefore the Fables turn'd ſome Men to Flow'rs,
And others did with brutiſh Forms inveſt;
And did of others make Celeſtial Pow'rs,
Like Angels, which ſtill travel, yet ſtill reſt.

Yet theſe three Pow'rs are not three *Souls*, but one;
As One and Two are both contain'd in *Three*;
Three being one Number by it ſelf alone,
A Shadow of the bleſſed Trinity.

Oh! *What* is Man (great Maker of Mankind!)
That thou to him ſo great Reſpect doſt bear!
That thou adorn'ſt him with ſo bright a Mind,
Mak'ſt him a King, and ev'n an Angel's Peer!

Oh! What a lively Life, what heav'nly Pow'r,
What ſpreading Virtue, what a ſparkling Fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a Dow'r
Doſt thou within this dying Fleſh inſpire!

Thou leav'ſt thy Print in other Works of thine;
But thy whole Image thou in Man haſt writ:
There cannot be a Creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it ſhould be infinite.

But it exceeds Man's Thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd *Man*, ſince *God* a *Man* became:
The Angels do admire this *Myſtery*,
And are aſtoniſh'd when they view the ſame.

Nor

Nor hath he giv'n theſe Bleſſings for a Day,
Nor made them on the Body's Life depend:
The *Soul*, though made in Time, *ſurvives for ay*;
And though it hath Beginning, ſees no End.

SECT. XXX.

That the Soul is Immortal, *proved by ſeveral Reaſons.*

HER only *End*, is *Never ending* Bliſs;
Which is, *the Eternal Face of GOD to ſee*;
Who, *Laſt of Ends*, and *Firſt of Cauſes is*:
And to do this, ſhe muſt *Eternal* be.

How ſenſeleſs then, and dead a *Soul* hath he,
Which *thinks* his *Soul* doth with his Body dye:
Or *thinks* not ſo, but ſo would have it be,
That he might Sin with more Security?

For though theſe light and vicious Perſons ſay,
Our *Soul* is but a Smoak, or airy Blaſt,
Which, during Life, doth in our Noſtrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to Wind at laſt:

Although

Although they ſay, *Come, let us eat and drink*;
Our Life is but a Spark, which quickly dies:
Though thus they *ſay*, they know not what to *think*;
But in their Minds ten thouſand Doubts ariſe.

Therefore no Hereticks deſire to ſpread
Their light Opinions, like theſe *Epicures*;
For ſo their ſtagg'ring Thoughts are comforted,
And other Men's Aſſent their Doubt aſſures.
Yet though theſe Men againſt their Conſcience (ſtrive,
There are ſome Sparkles in their flinty Breaſts,
Which cannot be extinct, but ſtill revive; (*Beaſts*,
That though they would, they cannot quite be

But whoſo makes a Mirror of his Mind,
And doth with Patience view himſelf therein,
His *Soul*'s Eternity ſhall clearly find,
Though th'other Beauties be defac'd with Sin.

1. *Reason.*

First, in Man's Mind we find an Appetite
To *learn* and *know the Truth* of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the *Essence* of the *Soul* doth spring.

With this *Desire*, she hath a native *Might*
To find out ev'ry Truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable Effects to sort aright,
And by Degrees, from Cause to Cause to climb.

But since our Life so fast away doth slide,
As doth an hungry Eagle through the Wind;
Or as a Ship transported with the Tide,
Which in their Passage leave no print behind;

Of which swift little Time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the Sense do strain,
That our short Race of Life is at an end,
E're we the Principles of Skill attain.

Or

Or God (who to vain Ends hath nothing done)
In vain this *Appetite* and *Pow'r* hath giv'n;
Or elſe our Knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter muſt be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a *Pow'r* to one whole Kind,
But moſt part of that Kind did uſe the ſame:
Moſt Eyes have perfect Sight, though ſome be blind;
Moſt Legs can nimbly run, though ſome be lame.

But in this Life no *Soul* the Truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath Pow'r to do:
If then Perfection be not found below,
An higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

2. *Reaſon.*

Again, How can ſhe but Immortal be,
When with the Motions of both *Will* and *Wit*,
She ſtill aſpireth to Eternity,
And never reſts, till ſhe attain to it?

Water in Conduit-pipes, can riſe no higher (ſpring:
Than the Well-head, from whence it firſt doth
Then ſince to Eternal *GOD* ſhe doth aſpire,
She cannot be but an Eternal Thing.

" All moving things to other things do move, (ſuch:
" Of the ſame kind, which ſhews their Nature
So *Earth* falls down, and *Fire* doth mount above,
Till both their proper Elements do touch.

And as the Moiſture, which the thirſty Earth
Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty Veins,
From out her Womb at laſt doth take a Birth,
And runs a *Nymph* along the graſſy Plains:

Long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the Land,
From whoſe ſoft Side ſhe firſt did iſſue make:
She taſts all Places, turns to ev'ry Hand,
Her flow'ry Banks unwilling to forſake:

Yet *Nature* ſo her Streams doth lead and carry,
As that her Courſe doth make no final ſtay,
Till ſhe her ſelf unto the *Ocean* marry,
Within whoſe watry Boſom firſt ſhe lay.

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo the *Soul*, which in this Earthly Mould
The Spirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth the Earth behold,
And only this material World ſhe views:

At firſt her *Mother Earth* ſhe holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the World, and worldly things;
She flies cloſe by the Ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her Celeſtial Wings:

Yet under Heav'n ſhe cannot light on Ought
That with her heav'nly *Nature* doth agree;
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fix her Thought,
She cannot in this World contented be.

For who did ever yet, in *Honour*, *Wealth*,
Or *Pleaſure of the Senſe*, Contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wiſh, when he had *Health*?
Or having *Wiſdom*, was not vex'd in Mind?

Then as a *Bee* which among Weeds doth fall, (gay;
Which ſeem ſweet Flow'rs, with luſtre freſh and
She lights on that, and this, and taſteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth riſe, and ſoar away:

So,

So, when the *Soul* finds here no true Content,
And, like *Noah*'s Dove, can no ſure Footing take,
She doth return from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
And flies to *him* that firſt her Wings did make.

Wit, ſeeking *Truth*, from Cauſe to Cauſe aſcends,
And never reſts, till it the *firſt* attain:
Will, ſeeking *Good*, finds many middle Ends;
But never ſtays, till it the *laſt* do gain.

Now *GOD* the *Truth*, and *Firſt of Cauſes is*;
GOD is the *laſt good End*, which laſteth ſtill;
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this;
Alpha to *Wit*, *Omega* to the *Will*.

Since then her heav'nly Kind ſhe doth diſplay,
In that to *GOD* ſhe doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her Stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from *above*.

And yet this *firſt true Cauſe*, and *laſt good End*,
She cannot here ſo *well*, and *truely* ſee;
For this Perfection ſhe muſt yet attend,
Till to her *Maker* ſhe eſpouſed be.

As

As a *King*'s Daughter, being in Perſon ſought
Of divers Princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a conſtant Thought,
Though ſhe to all do lend a gentle Ear:

Yet can ſhe love a foreign *Emperor*,
Whom of great Worth and Pow'r ſhe hears to be,
If ſhe be woo'd but by *Ambaſſador*,
Or but his *Letters*, or his *Pictures* ſee:

For well ſhe knows, that when ſhe ſhall be brought
Into the *Kingdom* where her *Spouſe* doth reign;
Her Eyes ſhall ſee what ſhe conceiv'd in Thought,
Himſelf, his State, his Glory, and his Train.

So while the *Virgin-Soul* on *Earth* doth ſtay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thouſand Ways,
By theſe great Pow'rs, which on the *Earth* bear ſway;
The *Wiſdom of the World*, *Wealth*, *Pleaſure*, *Praiſe*:

With theſe ſometimes ſhe doth her Time beguile,
Theſe do by fits her Fantaſie poſſeſs;
But ſhe diſtaſtes them all within a while,
And in the ſweeteſt finds a Tediouſneſs.

But

But if upon the World's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving Thought,
Who by his *Picture* drawn in ev'ry thing,
And *ſacred Meſſages*, her *Love* hath ſought;

Of him ſhe thinks ſhe cannot think too much;
This Honey taſted ſtill, is ever ſweet;
The Pleaſure of her raviſh'd Thought is ſuch,
As almoſt here ſhe with her Bliſs doth meet:

But when in Heav'n ſhe ſhall his *Eſſence* ſee,
This is her *ſov'reign Good*, and *perfect Bliſs*;
Her Longing, Wiſhings, Hopes, all finiſh'd be;
Her Joys are full, her Motions reſt in this:

There is ſhe crown'd with Garlands of *Content*;
There doth ſhe Manna eat, and Nectar drink:
That Preſence doth ſuch high Delights preſent,
As never Tongue could ſpeak, nor Heart could think.

3. *Reaſon.*

For this, the better *Souls* do oft deſpiſe
The Body's Death, and do it oft deſire;
For when on Ground the burthen'd Ballance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the Body's Death the *Soul* ſhould kill,
Then Death muſt needs *againſt her Nature* be;
And were it ſo, all *Souls* would fly it ſtill,
For Nature hates and ſhuns her Contrary.

For all things elſe, which Nature makes to be,
Their *Being* to preſerve, are chiefly taught;
And though ſome things deſire a Change to ſee,
Yet never Thing did long to turn to nought.

If then by Death the *Soul* were quenched quite,
She could not thus againſt her Nature run;
Since ev'ry ſenſleſs thing, by Nature's Light,
Doth Preſervation ſeek, Deſtruction ſhun.

Nor could the World's beſt Spirits ſo much err,
If Death took all, that they ſhould all agree,
Before this Life, their *Honour* to prefer:
For what is Praiſe to things that nothing be?

Again, If by the Body's Prop ſhe ſtand;
If on the Body's Life, her Life depend,
As *Meleagers* on the fatal Brand,
The Body's Good ſhe only would intend:

We ſhould not find her half ſo brave and bold,
To lead it to the Wars, and to the Seas,
To make it ſuffer Watchings, Hunger, Cold,
When it might feed with Plenty, reſt with Eaſe.

Doubtleſs, all *Souls* have a ſurviving Thought,
Therefore of Death we think with quiet Mind;
But if we think of *being turn'd to nought*,
A trembling Horrour in our *Souls* we find.

4. *Reaſon.*

And as the better Spirit, when ſhe doth bear
A Scorn of Death, doth ſhew ſhe cannot die;
So when the wicked *Soul* Death's Face doth fear,
Ev'n then ſhe proves her own Eternity.

For when Death's Form appears, ſhe feareth not
An utter Quenching, or Extinguiſhment;
She would be glad to meet with ſuch a Lot,
That ſo ſhe might all future Ill prevent:

But ſhe doth doubt what after may befal;
For Nature's Law accuſeth her within,
And ſaith, 'Tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after Death there is a Pain for Sin.

Then ſhe who hath been hood wink'd from he
Birth,
Doth firſt her ſelf within Death's Mirrour ſee;
And when her Body doth return to Earth,
She firſt takes care, how ſhe alone ſhall be.

Who ever ſees theſe irreligious Men,
With Burthen of a Sickneſs weak and faint,
But hears them talking of Religion then,
And vowing of their *Souls* to ev'ry Saint?

When was there ever curſed *Atheiſt* brought
Unto the *Gibbet*, but he did adore
That bleſſed Pow'r, which he had ſet at nought,
Scorn'd and blaſphemed all his Life before?

Theſe light vain Perſons ſtill are drunk and mad,
With Surfeitings, and Pleaſures of their Youth;
But at their Death they are freſh, ſober, ſad;
Then they diſcern, and then they ſpeak the truth.

If then all *Souls*, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral Voice, That *Souls* can never die;
'Tis not Man's flatt'ring Gloſs, but *Nature's Speech*,
Which, like *GOD*'s Oracles, can never lye.

5. *Reaſon.*

Hence ſprings that univerſal ſtrong Deſire,
Which all Men have of Immortality:
Not ſome few Spirits unto this Thought aſpire,
But all Men's Minds in this united be.

Then this Deſire of Nature is not vain,
" She covets not Impoſſibilities;
" Fond Thoughts may fall into ſome idle Brain,
" But one *Aſſent* of all, is ever wiſe.

From hence that gen'ral Care and Study ſprings,
That *Launching*, and *Progreſſion of the Mind*,
Which all Men have ſo much of future things,
That they no Joy do in the preſent find.

From this Deſire, that main Deſire proceeds,
Which all Men have ſurviving Fame to gain,
By *Tombs*, by *Books*, by memorable *Deeds*;
For ſhe that this deſires, doth ſtill remain.

Hence,

Hence, laſtly, ſprings Care of Poſterities,
For Things their Kind would everlaſting make:
Hence is it, that old Men do plant young Trees,
The Fruit whereof another Age ſhall take.

If we theſe Rules unto our ſelves apply,
And view them by Reflection of the Mind,
All theſe true Notes of Immortality
In our *Heart's Tables* we ſhall written find.

6. *Reaſon.*

And though ſome impious Wits do Queſtions move,
And doubt if *Souls* immortal be, or no;
That *Doubt* their Immortality doth prove,
Becauſe they ſeem immortal things to know.

For he who Reaſons on both Parts doth bring,
Doth ſome things mortal, ſome immortal call;
Now, if himſelf were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our Minds we Mirrors make;
And as thoſe Glaſſes which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For *Thoughts* or *Minds* in them we cannot ſee:

So when we God and Angels do conceive,
And think of *Truth*, which is eternal too;
Then do our Minds immortal Forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if Beaſts conceiv'd what Reaſon were,
And that Conception ſhould diſtinctly ſhow,
They ſhould the Name of *Reaſonable* bear;
For without *Reaſon*, none could *Reaſon* know:

So when the *Soul* mounts with ſo high a Wing,
As of Eternal Things ſhe Doubts can move;
She Proofs of her Eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when ſhe ſtrives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the *Thought* of Immortality,
Being an Act done without the Body's Aid,
Shews, that her ſelf alone could move and be,
Although the Body in the Grave were laid.

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

That the Soul cannot be deſtroy'd.

AND if her ſelf ſhe can ſo lively move,
And never need a Foreign Help to take;
Then muſt her Motion everlaſting prove,
" Becauſe her ſelf ſhe never can forſake.

But though Corruption cannot touch the Mind
By any Cauſe that from it ſelf may ſpring,
Some outward Cauſe Fate hath perhaps deſign'd,
Which to the Soul may utter Quenching bring.

Perhaps her Cauſe may ceaſe, and ſhe may die:
God is her *Cauſe*, his *Word* her Maker was;
Which ſhall ſtand fix'd for all Eternity,
When Heav'n and Earth ſhall like a Shadow paſs.

Perhaps ſome thing repugnant to her Kind,
By ſtrong *Antipathy*, the *Soul* may kill:
But what can be *Contrary* to the Mind,
Which holds all *Contraries* in Concord ſtill?

She lodgeth Heat, and Cold, and Moiſt, and Dry,
And Life, and Death, and Peace, and War toge-
Ten thouſand fighting things in her do lie, (ther;
Yet neither troubleth, or diſturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of Food, the *Soul* may pine;
But that were ſtrange, ſince all things *bad* and
Since all God's Creatures, *Mortal* and *Divine*; (*good*;
Since *God himſelf* is her eternal Food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And ſo are ſubject to Mortality:
But *Truth*, which is eternal, feeds the Mind;
The *Tree of Life*, which will not let her die.

Yet Violence, perhaps the *Soul* deſtroys,
As Lightning, or the *Sun-beams* dim the Sight;
Or as a Thunder-clap, or Cannon's noiſe,
The Pow'r of Hearing doth aſtoniſh quite:

But high Perfection to the *Soul* it brings,
T' encounter things moſt excellent and high;
For, when ſhe views the beſt and greateſt things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the Eye.

Beſides,

Beſides, as *Homer*'s *Gods*, 'gainſt Armies ſtand,
Her ſubtil Form can through all Dangers ſlide:
Bodies are Captive, *Minds* endure no Band;
" And Will is free, and can no Force abide.

But laſtly, *Time* perhaps at laſt hath pow'r
To ſpend her lively Pow'rs, and quench her Light;
But old God *Saturn*, which doth all devour,
Doth cheriſh her, and ſtill augment her Might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the *Spheres* above
Shall one Day faint, and their ſwift Motion ſtay;
And *Time* it ſelf, in time ſhall ceaſe to move;
Only the Soul ſurvives, and lives for ay.

" Our Bodies, ev'ry Footſtep that they make,
" March towards Death, until at laſt they dye:
" Whether we work or play, or ſleep or wake, (fly:
" Our Life doth paſs, and with *Time's* Wings doth

But to the *Soul*, Time doth Perfection give,
And adds freſh Luſtre to her Beauty ſtill;
And makes her in eternal Youth to live,
Like her which Nectar to the Gods doth fill.

The

The more ſhe lives, the more ſhe feeds on *Truth*;
The more ſhe feeds, her *Strength* doth more in-creaſe:
And what is *Strength*, but an Effect of *Youth*,
Which if *Time* nurſe, how can it ever ceaſe?

SECT. XXXII.

Objections *againſt the* Immortality *of the Soul, with their reſpective* Anſwers.

BUT *now* theſe *Epicures* begin to ſmile,
And ſay, My Doctrine is more ſafe than true;
And that I fondly do my ſelf beguile,
While theſe receiv'd Opinions I enſue.

For, what, ſay they? Doth not the *Soul* wax old?
How comes it then that Aged Men do dote;
And that their Brains grow ſottiſh, dull and cold,
Which were in Youth the only Spirits of note?

What? Are not *Souls* within themſelves corrupted?
How can there Idiots then by Nature be?
How is it that ſome Wits are interrupted,
That now they dazled are, now clearly ſee?

Theſe

Theſe Queſtions make a ſubtil Argument
To ſuch as think both *Senſe* and *Reaſon* One;
To whom nor Agent, from the Inſtrument,
Nor Pow'r of Working, from the Work is known.

But they that know that Wit can ſhew no Skill,
But when ſhe Things in *Senſe's Glaſs* doth view,
Do know, if Accident this Glaſs do ſpill,
It *nothing ſees*, or *ſees the Falſe for true.*

For, if that Region of the tender Brain,
Where th'inward Senſe of Fantaſy ſhould ſit,
And th'outward Senſes, Gath'rings ſhould retain;
By Nature, or by Chance, become unfit:

Either at firſt uncapable it is,
And ſo few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by Accident, which haps amiſs;
And ſo amiſs it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning Prince that uſeth *Spies*,
If they return no News, doth nothing know;
But if they make Advertiſement of Lies,
The Prince's Counſels all awry do go:

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo the *Soul* to ſuch a Body knit,
Whoſe inward Senſes undiſpoſed be;
And to receive the Forms of Things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing ſee.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a Mind,
Able to *know* the Truth, and *chuſe* the Good:
If ſhe ſuch Figures in the Brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper ſtood.

But if a *Phrenſy* do poſſeſs the Brain,
It ſo diſturbs and blots the Forms of Things,
As Fantaſy proves altogether vain,
And to the Wit no true Relation brings.

Then doth the Wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond Concluſions on thoſe idle Grounds:
Then doth it fly the Good, and Ill purſue;
Believing all that this falſe *Spy* propounds.

But purge the Humours, and the Rage appeaſe,
Which this Diſtemper in the Fanſy wrought;
Then ſhall the *Wit*, which never had Diſeaſe,
Diſcourſe, and judge diſcreetly, as it ought.

So,

So, though the Clouds eclipſe the *Sun*'s fair Light,
Yet from his Face they do not take one Beam;
So have our Eyes their perfect Pow'r of Sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled Stream.

Then theſe Defects in *Senſe's* Organs be;
Not in the *Soul*, or in her working Might:
She cannot loſe her perfect Pow'r to ſee, (Light.
Though Miſts and Clouds do choak her Window-

Theſe Imperfections then we muſt impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Inſtrument:
We muſt not blame *Apollo*, but his Lute,
If falſe Accords from her falſe Strings be ſent.

The *Soul* in all hath one Intelligence;
Though too much Moiſture in an Infant's Brain,
And too much Drineſs in an old Man's Senſe,
Cannot the Prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the *Soul* want Work, and idle ſit,
And this we *Childiſhneſs* and *Dotage* call;
Yet hath ſhe then a quick and active Wit,
If ſhe had Stuff and Tools to work withal:

For,

For, give her Organs fit, and Objects fair;
Give but the aged Man, the young Man's Senſe;
Let but *Medea*, *Æſon*'s Youth repair,
And ſtraight ſhe ſhews her wonted Excellence.

As a good Harper, ſtricken far in Years,
Into whoſe cunning Hands the Gout doth fall,
All his old Crotchets in his Brain he bears,
But on his Harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if *Apollo* takes his Gout away,
That he his nimble Fingers may apply;
Apollo's ſelf will envy at his Play,
And all the World applaud his Minſtralſy.

Then *Dotage* is no Weakneſs of the Mind,
But of the *Senſe*; for if the Mind did waſte,
In all old Men we ſhould this Waſting find, (paſs'd:
When they ſome certain Term of Years had

But moſt of them, ev'n to their dying Hour,
Retain a Mind more lively, quick and ſtrong;
And better uſe their underſtanding Pow'r,
Then when their Brains were warm, and Limbs
were young. For,

For, though the Body waſted be, and weak,
And though the Leaden Form of Earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half-dead Body ſpeak,
We oft are raviſh'd to the heav'nly *Spheres.*

Yet ſay theſe Men, If all her Organs die,
Then hath the *Soul* no pow'r her Pow'rs to uſe:
So, in a ſort, her Pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto *Act* ſhe cannot them reduce.

And if her Pow'rs be dead, then what is ſhe?
For ſince from ev'ry thing ſome *Pow'rs* do ſpring;
And from thoſe Pow'rs, ſome *Acts* proceeding be;
Then kill both *Pow'r* and *Act*, and kill the thing.

Doubtleſs, the Body's Death, when once it dies,
The Inſtruments of Senſe and Life doth kill;
So that ſhe cannot uſe thoſe Faculties,
Although their Root reſt in her Subſtance ſtill.

But (as the Body living) *Wit* and *Will*
Can *judge* and *chuſe*, without the Body's Aid;
Though on ſuch Objects they are working ſtill,
As through the Body's Organs are convey'd:

So, when the Body ſerves her turn no more,
And all her *Senſes* are extinct and gone,
She can diſcourſe of what ſhe learn'd before,
In heav'nly Contemplations, all alone.

So, if one Man well on the Lute doth play, (Skill;
And have good Horſemanſhip, and Learning's
Though both his Lute and Horſe we take away,
Doth he not keep his former Learning ſtill?

He keeps it, doubtleſs, and can uſe it too;
And doth both th'other *Skills* in Pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper Actions do,
If with his Lute or Horſe he meet again,

So though the Inſtruments, (by which we live,
And view the World) the Body's Death do kill;
Yet with the Body they ſhall all revive,
And all their wonted Offices fulfil.

But how, till then, ſhall ſhe her ſelf employ?
Her Spies are dead, which brought home News
What ſhe hath got, and keeps, ſhe may enjoy, (before:
But ſhe hath Means to underſtand no more.

Then

Then what do thoſe poor *Souls*, which nothing get?
Or what do thoſe which get, and cannot keep?
Like Buckets bottomleſs, which all out-let;
Thoſe *Souls*, for want of Exerciſe, muſt ſleep.

See how Man's *Soul* againſt it ſelf doth ſtrive:
Why ſhould we not have other Means to know?
As Children, while within the Womb they live,
Feed by the Navil: Here they feed not ſo.

Theſe Children, if they had ſome uſe of *Senſe*,
And ſhould by chance their Mother's talking hear,
That in ſhort time they ſhall come forth from thence,
Would fear their Birth, more than our Death we (fear.
They would cry out, If we this place ſhall leave,
Then ſhall we break our tender Navil-ſtrings:
How ſhall we then our Nouriſhment receive,
Since our ſweet Food no other Conduit brings?

And if a Man ſhould to theſe Babes reply,
That into this fair World they ſhall be brought,
Where they ſhall view the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thouſand Dainties they ſhall meet,
Which by their Mouths they ſhall with pleaſure take;
Which ſhall be cordial too, as well as ſweet;
And of their little Limbs, tall Bodies make:

This World they'd think a Fable, ev'n as we
Do think the *Story* of the *Golden Age*;
Or as ſome ſenſual Spirits 'mongſt us be,
Which hold the *World to come, a feigned Stage:*

Yet ſhall theſe Infants after find all true,
Tho' then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As ſoon as they are born, the World they view,
And with their Mouths, the Nurſes Milk receive.

So when the *Soul* is born (for Death is nought
But the *Soul*'s Birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her Thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth ſhe ſee by Spectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double Spies;
Her ſelf in Inſtants doth all things explore;
For each thing's preſent, and before her lies.

But

But ſtill this Crew with Queſtions me purſues:
If *Souls* deceas'd (ſay they) ſtill living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us News (ſee?
Of that ſtrange World, where they ſuch Wonders

Fond Men! If we believe that Men do live
Under the *Zenith* of both frozen *Poles*,
Though none come thence, Advertiſement to give,
Why bear we not the like Faith of our *Souls?*

The *Soul* hath here on Earth no more to do,
Than we have Buſineſs in our Mother's Womb:
What Child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all Children firſt from thence do come?

But as *Noah*'s Pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did ſhew, ſhe footing found, for all the Flood;
So when good *Souls*, departed through Death's Door,
Come not again, it ſhews their Dwelling good.

And doubtleſs, ſuch a *Soul* as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's Face,
Holds this vile World in ſuch a baſe Account,
As ſhe looks down, and ſcorns this wretched Place.

But ſuch as are detruded down to Hell,
Either for Shame, they ſtill themſelves retire;
Or ty'd in Chains, they in cloſe Priſon dwell,
And cannot come, although they much deſire.

Well, well, ſay theſe vain Spirits, thought vain it is
To think our *Souls* to Heav'n or Hell do go;
Politick Men have thought it not amiſs,
To ſpread this *Lye*, to make Men virtuous ſo.

Do you then think this *Moral Virtue* good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private Gain;
For Commonwealths by *Virtue* ever ſtood,
And common Good the private doth contain.

If then this *Virtue* you do love ſo well,
Have you no Means, her Practice to maintain;
But you this *Lye* muſt to the People tell,
That good *Souls* live in Joy, and Ill in Pain?

Muſt *Virtue* be preſerved by a *Lye?*
Virtue and *Truth* do ever beſt agree;
By this it ſeems to be a Verity,
Since the Effects ſo good and virtuous be.

For,

For, as the Devil, the Father is of Lies,
So Vice and Miſchief do his Lies enſue:
Then this good Doctrine did not he deviſe;
But made this *Lye*, which ſaith, it is not true.

For, *how* can that be falſe, which ev'ry Tongue
Of ev'ry mortal Man affirms for true?
Which Truth hath in all Ages been ſo ſtrong,
As, Load-Stone-like, all Hearts it ever drew.

For, not the *Chriſtian*, or the *Jew* alone,
The *Perſian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this;
This Myſtery to the wild *Indian* known,
And to the *Canibal* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Aſſyrian* Drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the *North*, as in the *Eaſt*:
This Doctrine doth not enter by the *Ear*,
But of it ſelf is native in the Breaſt.

None that acknowledge God, or Providence,
Their *Souls* Eternity did ever doubt;
For all *Religion* takes Root from hence,
Which no poor naked Nation lives without.

For ſince the World for Man created was,
(For only Man the Uſe thereof doth know)
If Man do periſh like a wither'd Graſs,
How doth God's Wiſdom order things below?

And if that Wiſdom ſtill wiſe Ends propound,
Why made he Man, of other Creatures, King;
When (if he periſh here) there is not found
In all the World ſo poor and vile a thing?

If Death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our ſervice all things elſe were wrought;
That *Daws*, and *Trees*, and *Rocks* ſhould laſt ſo long,
When we muſt in an inſtant paſs to nought.

But bleſs'd be that *Great Pow'r*, that hath us bleſs'd
With longer Life than Heav'n or Earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal Breaſt
Immortal Pow'rs not ſubject to the Grave.

For though the Soul do ſeem her Grave to bear,
And in this World is almoſt buri'd quick,
We have no Cauſe the Body's Death to fear;
For when the Shell is broke, out comes a Chick.

SECT.

SECT. XXXIII.

Three Kinds of Life *answerable to the three* Powers *of the Soul.*

FOR as the *Soul's Essential Pow'rs* are three;
The *quick'ning Pow'r*, the *Pow'r of Sense* and *Reason*;
Three kinds of Life to her designed be,
Which perfect these three Pow'rs in their due Season.

The first Life in the Mother's Womb is spent,
Where she her *Nursing Pow'r* doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of Nourishment,
Sh'expels her Body, and this World she views.

This we call *Birth*; but if the Child could speak,
He *Death* would call it; and of Nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his Passage pinch him with such Pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this World is plac'd;
Where all his *Senses* in Perfection be;
Where he finds Flowers to smell, and Fruits to taste,
And Sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When

When he hath paſs'd ſome Time upon the Stage,
His *Reaſon* then a little ſeems to wake;
Which, though ſhe ſpring when *Senſe* doth fade with Age,
Yet can ſhe here no perfect Practice make.

Then doth aſpiring *Soul* the Body leave,
Which we call *Death*; but were it known to all,
What *Life* our *Souls* do by this *Death* receive,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Goal-Deliv'ry* call.

In this third Life, Reaſon will be ſo bright,
As that her Spark will like the *Sun-Beams* ſhine,
And ſhall of God enjoy the real Sight,
Being ſtill increas'd by Influence divine.

SECT. XXXIV.

The Concluſion.

O *Ignorant* poor Man! what doſt thou bear,
Lock'd up within the Casket of thy Breaſt?
What Jewels, and what Riches haſt thou there?
What heav'nly Treaſure in ſo weak a Cheſt?

Look

Look in thy *Soul*, and thou ſhalt *Beauties* find,
Like thoſe which drown'd *Narciſſus* in the Flood:
Honour and *Pleaſure* both are in thy Mind,
And all that in the World is counted *Good*.

Think of her Worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy Mind ſhould worthy things embrace:
Blot not her Beauties with thy Thoughts unclean,
Nor her diſhonour with thy Paſſion baſe.

Kill not her *Quickn'ng Pow'r* with Surfeitings:
Mar not her *Senſe* with Senſuality:
Caſt not her ſerious Wit on idle things:
Make not her *Free Will* Slave to Vanity.

And when thou think'ſt of her *Eternity*,
Think not that *Death* againſt her Nature is;
Think it a *Birth*: And when thou go'ſt to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'ſt to Bliſs.

And if thou, like a Child, didſt fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didſt nothing ſee;
Now I have brought thee *Torch-Light*, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'ſt, thou canſt not hoodwink'd be.

And

And thou, my *Soul*, which turn'ſt with curious Eye,
To view the Beams of thine own Form divine,
Know, that thou canſt know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this Fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *Over-weening*, and compare
Thy *Peacock*'s Feet with thy gay *Peacock*'s Train:
Study the beſt and higheſt Things that are,
But of thy ſelf an humble Thought retain.

Caſt down thy ſelf, and only ſtrive to raiſe
The Glory of thy Maker's ſacred Name:
Uſe all thy Pow'rs, that bleſſed Pow'r to praiſe,
Which gives thee Pow'r to *be*, and *uſe the ſame*.

F I N I S.

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